

THE
COUNTRY SEAT;
— /e
OR,

Summer Evenings Entertainments.

Translated from the FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES,
VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The History of DON PEDRO D'AGUILAR.

INNOCENCE PRESERVED.

ARNOLD *and* CLARAMOND.

Remarkable Account of three PROSTITUTES.

MELCHU-KINA.

The SELF-RIVAL, *and*

CONSTANT LOVE.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by T. LOWNDS in Fleet Street;

MDCCLXH.

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COUNTRY SEAT;

Summer Evening; Entertainment.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



For Misses A. and B. A. A. A.

Innocent B. B. B. B.

Arnold and Clara M. M.

Romantic, Queen of the Past.

Mrs. K. K. K. K.

The Bell-Ringer, and

Constant Love.

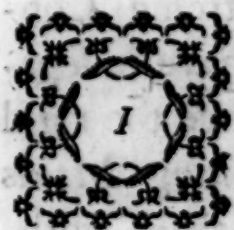
L O N D O N

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MCCCLXX



THE
HISTORY
OF
DON PEDRO D'AGUILAR.



T was Midnight deep, and huge
Uproar lorded it wide, that all
the Houses in *Madrid* shook;
and the impetuous Rain poured
down, as if it would swell the *Mangana-
res* * to a *Danube*, when *Leonora*, whom
the violence of the Tempest, if not inward
Tumults, would not allow to close her
Eyes, called up her Maid. How, *Laura*,
a sleep in such a Confusion of Elements,

* A Rivulet running through Part of *Madrid* the
capital of *Spain*.

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as if Heaven and Earth would come together! Would I could sleep so? Indeed, fast as a Church was I, answered *Laura*; for I know nothing of Love, I am content with my Station, a better Mistress than mine there is not in all *Spain*, not a Day passes without her giving me something or other; then Miss—, but *Laura's* intended Panegyric was interrupted by *Leonora's* starting out of Bed, and crying out, What's that I hear. Oh! 'tis certainly his Voice, it is, it is! Will my Sorrows never know an end? Let's hasten to his Help; then throwing a long Mantle over her, she flies to a Door of the Garden, of which she had a Key. Though the *Spanish* Women are under such extreme Constraints, the young Quality have a separate Apartment, and when once the rigid *Duegnas* are retired, the waiting Maids do as their Ladies would have them, without Questions or Remonstrances. *Laura* followed her Mistress, in a Plight which shewed she preferred Diligence to Dress. Now they had reached the Street, one full of the most excruciating Fears, the other laughing immoderately, at a time, when any other would have shuddered.

Leonora

Leonora hastened towards the Place where she still heard that dear Voice, but her Trepidation was superseded by another Passion, a Man rushed on her and thrusting a Handkerchief into her Mouth dragged her to a Coach, which stood ready. *Laura* meeting with the like rough Treatment, it at first damped her Sprightliness, but on finding herself huddled into the same Coach with her dear Mistress, she could not forbear some touches of Pleasantry on an Adventure naturally so alarming.

The rapid Swiftmess of the Horses seconded the Ardour of the Conductor of this Attempt, and they had rid a great deal of Ground, when the Horses at an unseasonable Lash grew unruly, and overturned the Coach; by which *Leonora* received a Contusion in her Head; but, as in Misfortunes there is ever some alleviating Circumstance, so this Disaster luckily happened near the seat to which *Leonora* was to be carried. Her Depression was such that she wanted Spirits to reject the Hand of one of the Ravishers, whilst his Friend's complaisant Offers met with a ready conformity from the sportive *Laura*,

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and thus moving on, in a profound Silence, they arrived at the Seat, all outwardly in the same Condition, wet through, and benumbed with cold, but their Minds agitated with very different Emotions. With much Joy were they received, and *Leonora* being led into a Chamber magnificently furnished, three young Women immediately brought her Assortments of the finest Linen, dressed her wound, and put her into a warm Bed. Suitable Care was also taken of *Laura*, but she, after a short nap, rose and desired to sit in her Lady's Room and wait her waking.

Let us now return to *Madrid*, and take a View of the face of Affairs there. The Outcries which had roused *Leonora*, awakened also her aged Father Don *Alvar*, who instantly called, Up all of ye, go see what's the Matter, there's Mischief in the Street; it was not long before one of his Servants came in, with these Words: 'Sir, just before the Door lies a Gentleman all over Blood and seemingly at his last gasp, I wish it be not Don *Pedro d' Aguilar*,' Don *Pedro*, cried the old Gentleman in an Agony, bring him up into this Room, and let a Surgeon be sent for
this

this Moment. His Lamentations over the wounded Gentleman are not to be expressed, and, indeed, to all outward Appearance he seemed irrecoverable. Had it been his own Son he could not have been more affected. A Surgeon, after examining and dressing his Wounds, directed that every Thing about him should be still, and he himself forbid to speak, adding that the following Day would, in a great Measure, shew, whether he was for Life or Death. Don *Pedro* being something recovered from the Deliquium occasioned by the great loss of Blood, said to an Attendant, pray, where am I, what Place is this? Be easy, answered *Leonora's* Father, were you in your own House, you would not be taken more Care of, compose yourself, it is the Surgeon's Directions that you should not speak.

Now radiant rose the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the East.

Yet did not the gladdening Sun disperse
all the Horrors of this direful Night. *Leonora's* Governess missing her precious Charge, ran about

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Raving with all the transports of Despair
She wept, she beat her Breast, she tore her Hair,

Leonora, Leonora, where is my dearest
Lady—alas! I cannot bear Life—*Leo-
nora*—oh some treacherous Wretch—

Don *Alvar*, at these Bewailings, goes up to his Daughter's Chamber, and seeing neither her, nor her Maid, paternal Fondness is turned to Rage, he breaks out into a torrent of Imprecations, concluding she had brought a stain on his Family; but the Hour of the King's Leveé drawing near, it was absolutely necessary to suspend his Concern for his lost Daughter and assassinated Friend. He goes to the Escurial where his Majesty then resided, and the first Person he meets is Don *Ramir d' Aguilar*, Father to Don *Pedro*; they had gone through their academical Exercises, and made two or three Campaigns together, that, on Occasion, they might serve their Country in a military Capacity, and the Emulation so usual among Courtiers had never tainted their Friendship; their interest with the King, they made use of only in support of each other.

This

This was a most melancholy Meeting, Don *Ramir*'s Grief for his Son's Danger was greatly heightened by his Friend's Agony for the loss of his Daughter, but regard to the Place, checked all violent Effusions of Passion! Your Daughter has suddenly disappeared, and my Son lyes at your House dangerously wounded! Whence this double Calamity? All *Madrid* will be full of it; the best we can do, is to obviate any disavourable Impressions which may be made on the King; let us implore the Exertion of his Justice, and join our Endeavours to find out your Daughter and save my Son's Life. Then Don *Alvar* related to Don *Ramir* what he knew of this mysterious Event.

Whilst engaged in mutual Condolances, Notice was given them that the King was awake; they went into the Bed-Chamber. His Majesty immediately perceived the disorder in their Minds, and having a great esteem for them, asked the Occasion. You see, Sire, answered Don *Alvar*, two wretched Fathers; last Night my Daughter was carried off out of my House, and my worthy Friend's Son is desperately wounded; but what aggravates our Mis-

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fortune, is that the Perpetrators of these Villainies are unknown; you may depend, replied the King, on my endeavours to bring them to Justice. These Words were scarce out of the Royal Mouth when Don *Juan de Mendoza* came in, and seeing who were with the King, said, Sire, these Gentlemen, come for Justice, and I for Mercy; one of my Domesticks informs me that it is my Son who has wounded the Son of one of them, and carried off the Daughter of the other, but whither he has betaken himself, on my Honour I know not. How! interrupted the King, with an awful Frown, your Son has committed two such Facts! were it not for your Age and your Services to the State, you should be the Pledge for his appearance; away and find him out, and never offer to see my Face till he be secured.

At the next Visit of the Surgeons Don *Pedro's* Symptoms appeared very favourable, and a little Time brought his Wounds into such a fair way, that the Surgeon engaged in a Month or six Weeks time he would be his own Man again.

On

On the other Hand, *Leonora*, after some Hours of involuntary Sleep, obtruded upon her by extreme Lassitude, awaked with a deep Sigh, on which *Laura* went to her Bed-side, and seeing Grief deeply impressed on all her Lineaments, and Tears streaming from her Eyes, said to her: ‘ That you have cause to grieve I own, but for our blessed Lady’s sake do not give way to Excess, all the Tears in the World will not carry you back again to *Madrid*; if you are not at Home, you are in a House, where you are treated with the greatest Tenderness and Regard. You have indeed been forcibly carried off; and is there any thing so horrible in that, it has been the case of many a fair Lady, the *Mandanes*, the *Clelias*, the *Cleopatra’s*, and many other Princesses, were served so; and if your Adventures begin like those of such Heroines, let us hope, that the end will not be less happy; come, my dear Lady, behave like yourself, Despair never mends matters, and the condition I see you in quite unfits me for contriving any means for your Deliverance.’

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It was not soon that *Leonora* was brought to any tolerable degree of Serenity, but, at length, she so far got the better of herself, as to admit of a Visit from the Lady of the House, whom she had not yet seen! If Donna *Maria* was charmed with *Leonora*, she was equally taken with Donna *Maria*, and as

Great Souls by Instinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendship burn;

These two amiable Persons entered into mutual confidence; the first in opening her Heart, was Donna *Maria*, *Leonora* having desired her to let her know to whom she was obliged for such extraordinary Civilities; my History, Madam, said she, has nothing worth your Curiosity, all the Incidents of it are really low and common; and it is only in compliance with your kind Desire that I enter on it;

My Father's name was Don *Lewis de Zuerga*; thinking himself ill used by the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, after his return from the unsuccessful Expedition of *Algiers**, he determined to resign his Posts, quit

* This memorable Expedition was undertaken in the Year 1541, in order to chastise *Barbarossa* and put

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quit the Court, and spend the remainder of his Life amidst the tranquillity of the Country, soon after this Retirement, my Mother died, and I was yet but a Child. My Father made the Cultivation of my Infancy his chief Care, and he who had led on Regiments to Battle, would sit with a Child in his Lap teaching me to read, and divert me as a Play-fellow of my own Age; I learnt every thing becoming my Birth, and all under my Father's Eye; to this very Day the Court is a Place unknown to me. Born and bred up in the Country, the Country is the whole World to me.

put a stop to the continual Hostilities committed by the *Algerines* on the Coast of *Spain*. The Emperor's Forces consisted of about Four Hundred Ships great and small, and 22,000 regular Troops of several Nations, which he landed; and laid Siege to *Algiers*, but by the Resolution of the Inhabitants, and especially a Storm in which their Fleet suffered exceedingly, one Hundred and Fifty Ships and near Twenty Gallies with all the Men, Artillery and Lading went to the Bottom, which, with the Distress of the Army, obliged the Emperor to raise the Siege; and in his return a second Storm dispersed his Fleet, not without the loss of some Ships: however if *Charles* was unsuccessful, his Behaviour was such as may be said to have deserved the most brilliant Success;

About

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About this time Don *Juan d' Avaros* was disgraced by *Philip* the Second, and retired to a House in the Neighbourhood of ours, he had a Son nearly of my Age; our Fathers having been old Friends and their common Sufferings drawing the ties of their Amity still closer, they agreed to perpetuate it, and unite the Families by a Marriage between Don *Francisco* Don *Juan's* Son and me. At the beginning of our Acquaintance I had thought him a very pretty accomplished young Gentleman, and it seems my Person had not appeared disagreeable to him, that the knowledge of this Match, filled us both with Joy, and each Family shewed their Approbation by their splendid Appearance at the Ceremony! It is now I believe four or five Years that we have been married, and every Day the Hours have danced away with Down upon their Feet, he never has given me any cause of Uneasiness and I have always consulted his Satisfaction. As for our dear Fathers they died within a little time of each other; my Husband, from the King's Temper, a Prince who knows not what it is to forgive, concluding that it would be in vain to solicit Preferment,

ment, determined to sit down quietly in the Country, and it was no small pleasure to him, that I readily acquiesced in a continued Recess, without the most distant hint of any Desire to see the World; surely never Mortal was more surpris'd than I, when one Day he asked me what I thought of going to live nearer *Madrid*? a Friend of mine, said he, has a very handsome House near that City and would not be unwilling to exchange it against ours. I answered, you know, that agreeable to my Duty, I have always made it a Pleasure to suit my Will and Dispositions to yours; and do not take it amiss, if I ask you, as we are us'd to the Air and Situation of our House, and it being, as it were, our native Place, whether we may find the like Pleasure and Complacency in that of your Friend? Seeing however, that it would be agreeable to him I immediately dropped all Expostulations, and heartily assured him of my consent, and I would not even so much as go and see it, till the Exchange was signed and sealed; and this very House, where you are Madam, is the Place. Some accident or other, which I
know

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know nothing of, brought about an uncommon Intimacy between my Husband, and Don *Bernard de Mendoza*; but here he was every Day, and Don *Francisco* told me Yesterday, that he had requested of him, to harbour a young Lady, with whom he was passionately enamoured, though not without the happiness of being acceptable; that her Parents opposing the Match, she had agreed to an Offer of his to deliver her from their Tyranny, at all Hazards. Most wicked Falsity, interrupted *Leonora*! My Husband added, that as he could not be here himself, he begged that I would perform the Honours of the House; every Reason did I call in to dissuade him from a Procedure, culpable in itself, and which might have very bad Consequences; but he silenced me with these Words, I have given my Word, and there is no drawing back; you see, Madam, that the tenour of my Life does not exceed what I told you, give me leave to desire that I may know who you are; if I have failed in the Respect due to you, I ask pardon, and shall strive amply to repair my Fault, when I have a more particular knowledge
of

of you. Your kindness far surpasses any deserts of mine, replies *Leonora*, I rely on the goodness of your Heart, that the recital of a Life more marked with Crosses than yours, will not make you repent of your Courtesy to me; and that you will not look upon me, as a Wretch whose Misfortunes are contagious; my present Situation, especially, should make me wish myself unknown to every Creature, yet, Madam, I cannot refuse you any thing; my Family, on which I shall be very short, is inferior to few in *Spain*; and the behaviour of my Ancestors in the *Moorish* wars do it great honour. My great Grandfather commanded at the famous Siege of *Oran**, my Grandfather faithfully attended the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth in all his Expeditions; and that Prince was pleased also to take advantageous notice of my Father. Amidst your Country Solitude, Madam, you cannot but have

* See a long Account of this Siege in the Life of Cardinal *Ximenes*; the *Spaniards* either through Rage at the obstinate Resistance of the Place, or through religious Bigotry, put the Inhabitants to the Sword, which Cruelty was no sooner known at *Tremesen*, than all the Christians throughout the Kingdom, were massacred, without distinction of Age, Sex or Station.

heard.

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heard of *Charles's* extraordinary resignation of the Empire to his Brother *Ferdinand*, and *Spain* to his Son *Philip*; this Monarch is of a very different turn from his Father, and values himself on being what is called, a deep Politician: His evenness of Temper is really astonishing; when an account was brought him of the famous Victory at *Lepanto*, where a natural Brother of his, called *Don John of Austria*, totally defeated the *Turkish Fleet*, all he said was: *Don John run a great Risque*, and went on reading the Life of his Father, which he then had in his Hands.

What he said on the Loss of the formidable Fleet sent against *England*, was pretty much of a Piece: *I sent my Fleet out against Ships and Men, and not against Winds and Rocks.* * Excuse these particulars; I mention them only to give you some idea of the King's Temper; but, a more

* This Monarch's Patience was no less remarkable in private Life: He had sat up the whole Night with a Secretary in drawing up a long Letter to the Pope of great importance; but when the Secretary had finished the Copy, instead of Sand he poured Ink on it, now, said *Philip*, go home to your Rest, and we will copy it over again in the Day.

rigid

rigid implacable Man never lived; if once he imbibes an ill Opinion of any one, that Person's Ruin is certain; nay, the Children suffer for the Faults, often only supposed, of their Fathers, and his own Son could not meet with any Clemency from him, as you will, with Amusement, hear in the sequel of my Narrative.

Don *Alvar de Medina Sidonia*, to whom I owe my Birth, had married an Heiress of the House of *Guzman**. The first Fruit of this marriage was a Son, now an Officer in the Army employed against the *Flemish* Rebels†. My Name is *Leonora Philippina*, and the King himself was my God-father. My Mother's extreme fondness induced her to spare no trouble in the Cultivation of my younger Years; and rather to please her, than that they really thought so, every one who saw me cried me up as a Nonpareil for Wit and

* Originally called *Gut* or *Goodman*, of Gothic descent and one of the most illustrious in all *Spain*.

† The generous Inhabitants of that Country, now called the seven united Provinces, who in the Year 1759, formed an Union in defence of their Liberties against the tyranny of *Spain*, and after a War of near a hundred Years were acknowledged a free independent State.

Beauty.

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Beauty. I own such Compliments elevated me, and very assiduous was I, by every proper way, to deserve them. It was not long before I had more convincing Proofs of my large share of female Merit, in the passionate Addresses of many Noblemen; but whether it was indifferency, or conformity to my experienced Mother's Lessons and Injunctions, all the Incense profusely offered to me by my Votaries, made little or no impression on me. The time came when my Insensibility melted, and deference to maternal Documents was extinguished by a tumultuous Passion.

Philip had negotiated a Marriage between *Elizabeth* of *France*, and his Son *Don Carlos*, but on her arrival in *Spain*, the Heart of that phlegmatic Prince was inflamed with her Beauty and he married her himself; a signal Instance that,

— To be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

The Infant's * inamoured Mind, calm
Region once and full of peace, now tost and

* The Name of the King of *Spain*'s younger Sons; the eldest being distinguished by the title of *El Principe*.

turbulent,

turbulent, plunged him into an abyfs of Evils; his lovely Bride, he could not bear to fee his Step-Mother; his extatic Ideas of fuch a blifsful Marriage, had worked up his Paſſions to uncontrollable Vehemence. The King did me the Honour to pitch on me for one of the Maids of Honour; my Aunt had been already made Miſtreſs of the Robes, and by her kindneſs, with the Amuſements of a Court Life, and a little Complacency in being nominated to ſuch a Poſt, ſoon diſperſed my Grief for the loſs of a valuable Mother. Her Maſteſty treated me with ſuch diſtinguiſhing Goodneſs, that it raiſed a manifeſt Jealouſy among the Rank to which I belonged; and I, to prevent any ill Conſequences, carried it with the moſt endearing Courteſy to them and others, and to many *did ſome kind Offices*, by my ſuperior Inter-eſt with her Maſteſty, that their Combination againſt me ſoon took a propitious turn.

Such was my Situation, when Orders were iſſued for a Bull-feaſt, the Splendour of which ſurpaſſed any thing of the kind ever ſeen in *Spain*. From the Queen's own Hands the Victor was to receive the Prize,

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Prize, her Picture set in Diamonds. My Post intitled me to a Seat in her Gallery. The Cavaliers, indeed, shewed a very spirited Emulation, of which Love apparently was the Motive *, but at length the Honour of the Triumph lay between two, Don *Bernard de Mendoza*, and Don *Pedro de Aguilar*; the former assailing the Bull with more Courage than Prudence, was thrown to the Ground, and certainly would have been killed had not Don *Pedro* flew to his Assistance, and dispatched the Bull. Though I knew neither, but by the Shouts of the People, repeating their Names with loud Applause. I own Don *Pedro's* intrepid Generosity, in attacking such a fierce

* In times of Chivalry the Knights
 Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights:
 And cut whole Giants into Fritters,
 To put them into amorous Twitters;
 Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Until their Gallants were half kill'd:
 But when their Sides were drubb'd so fore,
 They durst not wooe one Combat more,
 The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd with blows their Lovers felt.
 So *Spanish* Heroes, with their Lances,
 At once wound Bulls, and Ladies Fancies.
 And he acquires the noblest Spouse
 Who widows greatest Herds of Cows. HUDIBRAS.
 Creature,

Creature, prepossessed me in his Favour, and exceedingly rejoiced was I at his Success. He presented himself on his Knees before the Queen, who, to the Prize added a gracious Compliment, at which she had a most admirable Talent. Whilst the Queen was speaking to him, he cast a Look at me. Oh Look fatal to my Repose!

A Change so swift what Heart did ever feel!

I then became the Prey of a melancholy Pensiveness; it affected my Temper; my Complexion grew wan, and I fell away to a Shadow. My Royal Mistress was concerned at it, the young Court Ladies conscious of my superiority in point of Beauty, made it a Matter of Pleasantry, and I was perfectly angry with myself; yet for all that others could say to me, or my own Reasonings, I continued in the same mopish Condition.

In the mean time, no consideration could abate Don *Carlos's* Passion for the Queen. There was no speaking to her, and I really believe it was more than he could have done; for though he had all the Heat and Vehemence of indulged Youth, the sight of *Elisabeth* struck

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struck him with an awful Timidity. One Day meeting me alone, young Lady, says he, *Don Carlos* requests your Pity; shewing some surprise at these Words from such a Person, do not be uneasy, your Heart is out of the Question; many of your Sex indeed, would not relish my frankness, imagining themselves the Objects of universal Homage, but besides the goodness of your Heart, you, I know, are far from that fantastic Self-conceit. In a Word, sweet Lady, it is your Mediation which I request: I shall owe my Life to you, if you will be pleased only to tell the Queen that the unfortunate *Don Carlos*——. Sir, interrupted I, such a Message would by no means become me, and as little does it to offer you any Advice: Forgive, therefore my freedom in telling you, that you should stifle a Passion which disturbs your whole Life, and never can succeed; besides the King's inflexible Temper and the Queen's nice sense of Decency, which would not allow her to give you a Hearing, Nature and Virtue oppose your Sentiments; and to Virtue, every Desire, every Enjoyment should be readily sacrificed; there lies our
Happiness

Happiness and Tranquillity: Your Secret however shall not be disclosed by me, and I wish that all whom you have intrusted with it, may prove equally true; but give me leave to add, that the King is suspicious, you are not without Enemies, your Behaviour is watched, and my Fears for you are greater than it may be prudent to express. Your Fears! answered the Prince hastily, what can you imagine more dreadful to me, than not to be beloved by the Queen? Is it not even out of my Power so much as to let her know my Passion? As to my Father's putting me to death, a thousand Lives would I willingly resign for one favourable Look—for God's sake, Sir, interrupted I again, let us break off, should we be overheard or seen, it would be certain Ruin to us both. The unfortunate Prince did not conform to my Advice and his fatal Passion for the Queen reached *Philip*, who, as

Love and a Crown no rivalship can bear,
 under colour of the Prince's turbulent
 Disposition, and his importunate sollicita-
 tion for the command of the Army acting
 against

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against the Rebels of the *Low-Countries*, first put him under a very severe Confinement, where a slow Poison was mixed with his Food, and even rubbed on his Clothes and Linen; however no effect of this atrocious Practice declaring itself, and the King's Jealousy being impatient, it was notified to the unhappy Prince that he must chuse in what manner he would die; and this was to be blooded to death in a warm Bath; after some religious Ceremonies, the Prince with more of Resentment than Fear in his Deportment, went into the Bath, and the Veins of his Arms and Legs being opened, he desired to be left with only one Attendant, and gradually expired with the Queen's Picture in his Hands, and his Eyes continually fixed on it. You may perhaps not have heard of the uncommon Regard which the City of *Madrid* paid to him, requesting of the King that they might bear the Expence of his Funeral, which was very splendid, with the following Epitaph. "*To the sacred Memory of Charles Prince of both Spains, of the two Sicilies, of the Belgick and Cisalpine Gauls, Heir to the new-found World, incomparable for greatness*" of

“ of Soul, Liberality, and Love of Truth.”

It was remarked that the King saw the Procession from a Window of his Palace, and shewed no more concern than if a Regiment of his Guards had been marching by.

Don *Bernard*, had not been so taken up with the Desire of gaining the Prize of the Bull-feast as not to cast an Eye towards the Queen's Gallery. His Heart was then free, and unhappily for me, I was the fair one, as the Men's Phrase is, to whom he determined to offer up his Liberty.

Notwithstanding the strict Guard and Constraint observed in the Palace of our Queen, he found means to procure a Confident there, and one Night near Bed-time, to my Surprise I perceived on my Pillow a Letter, which, imagining it to be conveyed thither by an artifice of Don *Pedro*, I hastily opened, but how great was my Vexation and Resentment at finding these Words:

MADAM,

‘ I Saw you on the Day of the Bull-
 ‘ feast, and to me you appeared the
 ‘ most lovely Person in the World; the
 ‘ Lustre of your Charms from my dazled
 ‘ Eyes instantly passed to my Heart; and
 ‘ to this Disorder in me Don *Pedro* owed
 ‘ his Victory, not less than to his personal
 ‘ Courage. But, Madam, I was to be
 ‘ vanquished and to wear Chains, and
 ‘ thanks to Love that it is your Chains
 ‘ I am to wear. The ardour of my Passion
 ‘ will not permit me to defer making
 ‘ it known to you; never did Love rise
 ‘ higher, but never was there a more
 ‘ adorable Object. My Birth, the Wealth
 ‘ and Interest of my Family I will pass
 ‘ over, Love is all that I shall mention
 ‘ to you, as I would owe your precious
 ‘ Heart to yourself alone; on your An-
 ‘ swer depends the Life or Death of,

D. *Bernard*.

Don *Bernard*’s Love appeared to me so
 full of Effrontery, and his manner of de-
 claring

claring it so presumptuous, that I at first conceived a low Opinion of him, but his last Action has kindled in me an eternal Hatred: one thing, indeed, which put me the more out of humour was, that a Man totally indifferent to me, should run such Risks to acquaint me of his Love; whilst Don *Pedro*, whose languishing Looks had met with such sympathizing returns from me, should give himself no further Concern. This vexed me extremely; and I was for discharging my Chamber-maid, Don *Bernard's* Confident, but reflecting that it might be productive of disagreeable Consequences, I contented myself with reprimanding her; Madam, answered she, trembling, I was in the wrong, but Don *Bernard* assured me with a positive Air, that I had nothing to fear, and that you would not be offended at it; and I protest to you, Madam, that Don *Pedro* has been very pressing with me for a like Service, and even with some pieces of Gold in his Hand. So, said I, what you refused Don *Pedro*, you was easily persuaded to by Don *Bernard*. Ah, Madam, another Blunder I own, however, with your leave,

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I will soon set things to rights—My ferment was such, that I made her no answer, but she taking my Silence for consent, within three Days, I received a Letter from Don *Pedro*, and by her artful Management, I appeared to act no manner of part in it. If Don *Bernard's* Letter was insulting, that of Don *Pedro* was submissive, the Expressions lively, elegant and impassioned.—But, Madam, I dwell too long on Trifles, it is the weakness of our Sex to delight in relating the mighty effects of their Beauty.

The Decease of my gracious Queen *, occasioned my return to my Father's House,

* Of this virtuous and beautiful Princess's end the following Account was collected from several Authors.

A few Months after the Prince's death, the Dutchess of *Alva* came one Morning into the Princess's Bed-Chamber with some Physic in her Hand and offered it to her Majesty, the Queen told her she was very well, she had no occasion for it, and would not take it; the Dutchess insisted on her taking it, and the Queen refusing it, the noise of their Debate brought in the King, he being only in the next Chamber. At first he seemed to blame the Dutchess for her obstinacy and want of respect to the Queen, but she representing to him that the Potion had been recom-

House, where I had been scarce a Week when Don *Alvar*, coming into my Chamber told me that Don *Bernard* was passionately in Love with me, and had made a formal Overture for Marriage; this Alliance, continued my Father, has such an advantageous Prospect, that I was near giving my Word, but would not proceed so far without your Consent, though I make no doubt but you look upon it with the same Eye. I answered only with Tears, at which he was surprised, but with a truly paternal Tenderness assured me that he would never so much as hint it to me again, and would immediately go and thank

recommended to her by the Physicians in order to promote her Majesty's happy Deliverance, she being at that time far advanced in her Pregnancy, to such Authority the King yielded, saying very gently to the Queen, This Medicine will do you great good, Sweet-heart, it is the Advice of the Physicians, you must by all means take it. Since it is your Pleasure, answered she, I will do so. At this he went out of the Room and returned a little while after dressed in deep Mourning to see how she was, but that same Day she expired amidst violent Pains and excessive Vomitings, the Infant in her Womb was found dead and shrivelled, and all its Scull burnt up. She was just twenty-three Years of Age, and in the highest perfection of Beauty.

Don *Bernard*, for the Honour he had intended his Family: however my Father readily conjectured that my Refusal of one of the best Matches in all *Spain*, must necessarily proceed from some previous Engagement. He sited me, but by my Circumpection and the Address of my Maid, though Don *Pedro* was very often at our House, his Father and mine being the best Friends in the World, my Father never knew any thing of our Connection; I had received several of his Letters, to which he had my Answers; at the Hours the least suspected I used to stand at the Lettice, where I had the Pleasure of seeing him and being seen by him. Don *Pedro's* Father and mine, as I have just now said, were intimate Friends; but the former not being Rich and Don *Pedro* expecting a large Inheritance from an aged Aunt, this restrained him from any formal Declaration until her death.

My Passion was daily encreasing, and the constraint in which I lived only added Fuel to the Fire. In the mean time Don *Bernard*, exasperated at my Refusal of him, with such a superiority of Advantages,

vantages, of which he had an arrogant
 Sense, left no Stone unturned to find out
 the Motive. Love makes us suspicious
 and inventive; concluding some Rival
 stood in his way, he set Spies to work,
 and was so well served by them, that
 certain Intelligence was brought to him
 of Don *Pedro's* having been seen at Mid-
 night about my Father's House, attended
 only by one Servant. Now Don *Bernard*
 saw into the Source of his Disappointment.
 An Emulation had taken place in the
 Breast of these two Gentlemen even in
 their Infancy, and as they grew up it had
 degenerated into Jealousy and Pique, which
 went so far, that Don *Bernard* perceiving
 the Prince's good will towards Don *Pedro*,
 no longer appeared at his Court; and
 to owe his Life to his Courage, in rescu-
 ing him from the furious Bull, rankled
 him extremely; but at this last Disco-
 very, he was all in a Flame, and deter-
 mined to measure Swords with him the
 very next Day. However, lest he might
 fail in his Revenge, he only con-
 tinued to have him narrowly watched.
 The Girl who had set my Commerce

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with Don *Pedro* a going, having caught the Contagion of Love, was carried off by her Gallant, which threw me in the Arms of her who is now in my Service, a drole sharp Wench, and whose Hilarity has preserved me from a settled Melancholy; she it is who of late has brought me Don *Pedro's* Letters and delivered him mine. A Spy of Don *Bernard's* observing a certain Man often to come into the Street where I live, accosted him and making as if he had formerly known him, took him into a Tavern, where he made him so drunk, that he rifled his Pockets, and took from him a Letter of mine to Don *Pedro*, the Substance of which was as follows,

S I R,

‘ My Father has been just telling me
 ‘ something which is of the utmost Con-
 ‘ sequence you should be informed of;
 ‘ Don *Bernard* renews his Demand of
 ‘ Marriage with me, and his Father
 ‘ has even made such advantageous Pro-
 ‘ posals as have staggered mine: Fail not
 ‘ at

‘ at the usual Hour to-morrow Night.
 ‘ Means must be taken to avoid the
 ‘ Storm which now hangs over us,’

LEONORA.

Don *Bernard*, as he himself has owned to me, for it is from him that I have these Particulars, on the Perusal of my Letter, immediately turned his Thoughts to make the most of it, either for his Revenge, or his Love. At first he was for shewing it to my Father that he might be apprised of my Design, but it occurring to him that all he could promise himself from this Procedure would be only the giving me Pain, he closed up my Letter so dextrously, that had Don *Pedro* entertained any Surmise he would not have perceived it; it happened very fortunately, that the Man from whom it had been taken was yet in a profound Sleep at the Tavern, when the Letter was brought back, and it being slipt into his Pocket, he carried it without knowing any thing of the Trick put on him. Yesterday it was such dreadful

C 5

Weather,

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Weather, and apprehending it would continue, I sent Word to Don *Pedro* not to come until the next Day. I know not whether it was from any misgiving or presentiment of the Misfortunes hanging over me, I desired him not to run any Risque, telling him I had rather forego the Pleasure of seeing him, than to bring him into the least Danger; and at writing this, I was really sieged with an unaccountable Shuddering all over me; this Letter also fell into Don *Bernard's* Hands; but here it was by Violence; this he kept; the Measures which he had schemed requiring the closest Secrecy. Thus it happened, that amidst such terrible Wind and Rain, Don *Pedro* came to the Rendezvous alone, whilst his Rival attended by a servile Friend set out from his House on foot, leaving Orders for his Equipage to come to him at a certain Time and Place, and having posted himself in ambush at a little distance from my Window, he waited till he began to fear that the bad Weather would hinder Don *Pedro* from coming. But unfortunately he was mistaken, and it being very dark

Don

Don *Pedro* in hastening up to my Window brushed him, and stepping back said, Who is here? whoever you are you must take yourself away; his Voice betraying him Don *Bernard* made answer, It is you must take yourself away, unless you will be sent out of the World; you are a dead Man if you do not immediately swear by the blessed Virgin and your Honour, that you renounce all claim to *Leonora*. Renounce *Leonora*, replied Don *Pedro*, and is it you Don *Bernard* that such a Demand comes from; lets see who best deserves her, stand to your Guard. These Words were scarce out of his Mouth when Don *Bernard*'s Friend, or rather infamous Ruffian, for Friendship ends where Guilt begins, falling on him gave him a severe Wound, Ah! Scoundrel, cried Don *Pedro*, have you your Bravo's also? Don *Bernard* availing himself of the Disorder into which the first Wound had thrown Don *Pedro*, gave him a second, which intirely disabled him; and the base Wretches, after he was lying defenceless on the Ground, each gave him a Stab, and were just making off when the Outcries of Don *Pedro* struck my Ears, and

and I, alarmed at the Danger of such a valuable Life, inconsiderately ran down into the Street, as if in such a case I could be of any Service.

Don *Bernard* knew me by the Light of a Taper which I had in my Hand, and unluckily for me his Coach, which, in the way to the place appointed, could not avoid going through our Street, passed by in the very Instant, and he putting an impious Construction on what was mere Accident, you see, says he, Madam, that Heaven favours my Design; at the same time *Laura* and myself were forcibly put into the Coach. Don *Bernard* has further told me that he had before determined to carry me off, and knowing that I used often to walk in my Father's Garden, pretty late at Night, he had laid his Plot so well, that his Design had taken effect only a few Days beforehand. He entered on a tedious train of Excuses concerning the violence of his Passion, which had drove him to run such Lengths, concluding with a thousand Protestations of the most tender Love and passionate Entreaties, that I would forgive a Crime which

which was only the Result of that Love; ——— I was so faint, dejected, and disordered, that he might say all he would without any answer from me till the Coach overturned; and then having no Spirits to attempt an Escape I suffered myself to be led by him to this House, where I little expected to have met with so generous a Friend. Such, Madam, is the History you required of me, and can any Mortal, continued she, be in a more dreadful condition than myself, Don *Pedro* perhaps is dead, and thou *Leonora* livest, but how—here a flood of Tears interrupted her Lamentations, and the joint Endeavours of Donna *Maria*, seconded by *Laura*, could not in the least assuage her Sorrows.

Don *Bernard* and his Friend had returned to *Madrid*, that their Presence might obviate any Suspicion of their having a Hand in the Assassination of Don *Pedro*, and the carrying off *Leonora*; but being informed that those Affairs had been reported to the King, and that he had sworn the Law should take its course, and Horse-men were actually in search of them, they kept themselves concealed till Night, when

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when they returned to Don *Francisco's* House; resolved, that if any Attempt should be made on them there, they would sell themselves dearly, and after all not be taken alive.

Laura, whose Zeal for her Mistress had been continually at work, made her Escape, and meeting with a Servant of *Donna Maria's* Husband returning home with some saddle Horses from his Master, who was gone on a Visit of some Days, she boldly laid hold of one and throwing herself upon it, was immediately out of sight, whilst the Servant who had them under his Care stood motionless with Amazement at so daring an Action. She soon reached *Madrid*, and little minding the Shouts and Gybes of the People galloped along the Streets till she came to Don *Alvar's* House. She at once bolted into the Parlour, and having informed him where his Daughter was, added, that no time was to be lost for her Deliverance, and if her Weakness, continued *Laura*, from an effusion of her Ardour, will not allow her to be removed immediately, yet her safety might be provided for by sending
proper

proper Persons to secure Don *Francisco's* House. Don *Alvar*, from a Pertinacity and Slowness natural to Age, answered * That her Information gave him very great Pleasure, that To-morrow he would consult with Don *Pedro's* Father what was further to be done, and make a report to his Majesty of the Discovery, and request of him a Party of the Guards. To-morrow! Sir, cried *Laura*, that will be shutting the Stable-Door when the Steed is stolen; this instant is the time, by To-morrow my Mistress may be dead, for besides her Vexation, I left her very indifferent; it was in vain for *Laura* to urge the Point

* Our *Waller* in the following excellent Lines attributes to Senility Advantages which counterbalance these Foibles.

The Soul with nobler Resolutions deck'd,
The Body stooping, does herself erect.
Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes,
Conceal that Happiness which Age describes.
The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Sets in new Light, thro' Chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by Weakness wiser Men become
As they draw near to their eternal Home.
Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the Threshold of the new.

and.

and throw herself into Agonies, Don *Alvar* would have his way, and dearly did he pay for his Positiveness.

The first Tidings with which Don *Bernard* was received on his Arrival at the Place where he had imagined to secure his Prize, was that *Laura* had secretly conveyed herself out of the House, which indeed a Girl of less Cunning than herself might have done, no care having been taken to watch her Motions. There is no expressing his Rage at this Event; he forgot all manner of Decency towards his Friend's Family, and ordering Horses to be put to a Chariot, *Leonora*, faint and dejected as she was, saw herself carried off a second time; her Resistance, her Tears, her Intreaties were lost on Don *Bernard*, goaded on by his furious Passion, he carried her through Bye-ways to *Toledo*, where he delivered her into the care of an Aunt, who had all a Mother's fondness for him, and who was no less overjoyed to give him this Mark of her Kindness, than at his placing such a Confidence in her, promising him that no suspicious Person should ever set a Foot in her House.

House. Naturally, it would be concluded that *Leonora* could not but sink under such a complication of Misfortunes and Fatigues, yet her Love for *Don Pedro* buoyed her up, and being well read in History, many chearing Instances occurred to her, that the following Sentence of the pious Sage is no less true than sublime.

Though vex'd with Ills and exercis'd with Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind despair;
When press'd by Dangers and beset with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succours interpose,
And when our Virtue sink so'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeseen Expedients bring Relief.

Some Days after her removal to *Toledo*, by the Tenderness and Courtesy with which *Don Bernard's* Aunt treated her, her Health began to mend, her Indignation to subside, and she became quite serene under a Confinement which at first had seized her with Horrour.

Don Bernard having thus disposed of the Object of his ungovernable Love, consulted his Safety by making the best of his way for *Flanders*, attended by his Friend, the Associate in all his late Adventures,

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ventures; and as they both were Persons of a promising Appearance and Address, Prince *William* of *Nassau* received them with open Arms, and gave them Commissions. *Laura* proved in one sense a true Prophetess; the Day after, Guards were indeed sent to invest Don *Francisco's* House, but it was too late, *Leonora* being no where to be found; this was a Heart breaking to the aged Don *Alvar*, both on account of his Daughter and the Honour of his House, of which the *Spaniards* are so commendably jealous. Donna *Maria*, who it was hoped would have been frightened into a full Confession at the sight of armed Men abruptly questioning and threatening her with a Prison, answered every thing with such Sagacity and Composure as cleared her to the entire satisfaction even of those who were most concerned in the Discovery of *Leonora*—— a Gentleman, said she, an utter Stranger to me, came to my House with his Spouse, and desired, their Coach having broke down going to *Madrid*, that I would be so kind as to admit her to remain with me a few Hours. My Husband was not at home
and

and I should have thought it, if it had been my case, very hard-hearted to have been refused Shelter in such an Exigency; I own, when I saw the impatient Hurry with which he carried away his Wife, though sick with the Fatigue, I then began to suspect some Fallacy, but what could I do against the Gentleman and his Servants? he appeared to me to take the *Madrid* Road, and this is really all that I know of the Matter; if I am guilty let my Indiscretion, for Guilt I know none, be punished; but, Sir, I conjure you, continued she, addressing herself to Don *Alvar*, do not involve my Husband in an Offence, of which he has not the least knowledge. This was a Plea in which Reason and Humanity could not but acquiesce; accordingly Don *Alvar*, silent in his Despair, bowing to the Lady, returned to *Madrid* inconsolable for the loss of his Daughter.

This recent Misfortune was concealed from Don *Pedro*, as the knowledge of it would have retarded his Recovery. One Day Don *Alvar* coming into his Chamber, said to him, Don *Pedro* I have cause of
com-

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complaint against you; why make a Secret to me of your Disposition for my Daughter? what terrible Misfortunes would your Declaration have saved her and yourself, and I should not have known this overwhelming Sorrow. The Man is not living whom I esteem more than your Father, he is my most intimate Friend; as for yourself, I have always looked on you as my own Son, and had it not been for that Aversion from all kinds of Tyes and Engagements which young People so often glory in, and which you expressed, I would have been before hand with you, and so far from refusing you my Daughter, would myself have made an offer of her to you. *Leonora*, answered *Don Pedro*, is at once the greatest Beauty and best Fortune in all *Spain*, but it is not always that the interest of Families harmonizes with the Sentiments of the Heart. The mediocrity of my Circumstances made me apprehend a Denial, and before I could bring myself to request your Consent, on which depends the whole Happiness of my Life, I was willing to wait the Death of the Countess *Zamora*, by which you are
not

not insensible a very considerable Estate will fall to me. Ah, Don *Pedro*, replied Don *Alvar*, you under-rate your own Deserts, and wrong my Friendship to your Family. Let us find out *Leonora*, I give her to you; she is yours; since she has engaged herself without my Privity, how happy am I, that it is with such an accomplished Cavalier. Now Life is worth enjoying, replied this transported Lover, at the same time * making an effort to kneel, and these Words put Life into me.

* I make no question but the Reader will excuse my introducing the following extraordinary Instance of an effort in Sicknefs; *Leonardo da Vinci*, an Italian Painter, is said to have excelled all that went before him, and the Fame of his Works having gained him universal Applause, he was invited to the Court of *France*, where after some time, he fell sick, and *Francis* the First coming to see him, *Leonardo* in acknowledgment of the great Honour done him raised himself in his Bed, the King perceiving Nature overcome by the Effort embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the same instant expired in the Arms of that great Monarch: Truly great he was, for his Army being defeated and he himself taken prisoner by *Charles* the Fifth, Emperor of *Germany*, instead of any false Palliatives, he sent this concise Billet to his Mother, *Madam, all is lost but my Honour.*

What

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What thanks can be returned for such a ravishing Favour! alas, replied Don *Alvar* with a Sigh, possibly I have given you nothing; defer your thanks, dear Youth, till all Obstacles to your Happiness are removed.

Leonora still continued at *Toledo*, where she was treated suitable to her Birth and Merits; the well meaning Aunt also omitted nothing to overcome her Aversion to Don *Bernard*. The Place of this beautiful Prisoner's Confinement was an antient stately House, with a vast Garden laid out in delicious Walks and Parterres, but the Walls in height and thickness resembled those of a Prison, and spiked according to the custom of former times when open Outrages were more common. There was no means of going out, nor of any intercourse with the Neighbourhood, and the Domesticks of Don *Bernard's* Aunt were little to be trusted. *Leonora*, however depended on the kind Interposition of Providence for her Release, in the mean time amusing herself with Reading, Embroidering, and nursing Flowers; yet did not these various Employments

ployments intirely preserve her from Lassitude, in the Morning she wished for Night; and at Night for Morning. Don *Bernard* often writ to her, but without ever receiving any Answer; and at length in resentment of such unrelenting Contempt, sent her the following Letter,

MADAM,

‘ **I** T is plain that all my Love for you
 ‘ only strengthens your Hatred. You
 ‘ seem to have vowed my death; but
 ‘ farewell Patience; reflect that slighted
 ‘ Love turns to Rage, dread the Consequences;
 ‘ it is not to me alone they will
 ‘ be fatal. If I cannot move you, it will
 ‘ be some comfort to disappoint my Rival
 ‘ of you; and you shall be carried to an
 ‘ Abode where an impossibility of ever
 ‘ seeing your Country again may perhaps
 ‘ overcome your ungrateful Haughtiness;
 ‘ yes, Madam, Despair shall be my ruling
 ‘ Passion, and since you will not accept of
 ‘ my Affection, you shall feel my Revenge
 ‘ all your Life long.

This

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This Letter was read to *Leonora* by *Don Bernard's* Aunt. What Pleasure, Madam, can you take, says she, thus to torture a Man who adores you; prevent those Calamities which his Despair and your Cruelty may bring on both. Is there no way of softening you? Will you have me make over my whole Fortune to my Nephew? Never will you meet with a more constant affectionate Lover. You are not to judge of his Heart, by what he has done hitherto. His Passion and your Disdain have hurried him, contrary to his natural Disposition, into all these Indiscretions. He is not without Friends, and the Grandeur of your House is well known. Should you pardon him, and close with the Overtures of his inflamed Heart, there will be little difficulty of appeasing the King and your Father; but should this fail, Prince *William* of *Nassau* would heap such Favours on you in the *Low Countries* as might make you very easy about *Spain*. No, Madam, replied *Leonora*, though I cannot take amiss your Pleadings for your Nephew, I cannot come into them; were *Don Pedro* indifferent to me, *Don Bernard's*
Pro-

Procedures so heinous that he will ever be an Object of my Contempt and Detestation; you may acquaint him, that, instead of flattering himself that ever I shall answer his brutal Love, if this Confinement should last much longer, I am determined to anticipate my natural Death by Fasting; what I say is the Speech of deliberate Thought and Reflection, and not prompted by a transitory fit of sudden Anger. I hate him, and with an Abhorrence, on which all your Favours, all your obliging Offers cannot make the least Impression; let him be assured, that he has not on Earth a more inveterate Enemy than myself; these are my fixed Sentiments, withal, Madam, my Gratitude to you suffers no change or abatement, but could you not encrease my Obligations to you, and a great Encrease would it be, why persist to serve Don *Bernard* in a Design, in which he will never succeed? set me at liberty, send me back to *Madrid*. The greatness of this Favour insures you a Gratitude without reserve; I myself will be the first to solicit your Nephew's Pardon, and as for all the Injuries I have suffered from him, when in

a Condition above fearing any more, most readily will I forgive them; vain Intreaties! unavailing Promises! Too well did Don *Bernard's* Aunt love her Nephew to consent to what would utterly quash all Hopes of his being one Day in Possession of such a charming Person.

The flame of War in the mean Time was spreading in *Flanders*, every Day the number of the Rebels who had assumed the Name of *Gueux** augmented; *France*, glad of such an Opportunity to weaken the *Spanish* Monarchy, had sent them Succours:

* The origin of this Appellation was thus: the Lord of *Brederode* and the Count of *Nassau* repaired to *Brussels*, attended by four hundred Persons in plain brown Cloaths, with wooden Spoons tied to their Hats, and about their Necks a gold Medal, on one side of which was the King, and on the reverse, a Wallet hanging down from two Hands joined, with this Motto: *Fideles jusqu'a la besace*, i. e. *faithful though reduced to the Wallet*. In this Garb they presented themselves to the Princess Regent, with a Petition for Freedom of Conscience. After the Audience, the Count *de Berlemont* said: There was nothing to be feared from such a gang of Scoundrels, who by the Colour of their Cloaths, or in reality, were no better than *Gueux*, i. e. *Beggars*, on which the Religionists adopted that Nickname, and are distinguished by it in many Histories of those Times. *Thuanus*.

On

On the other Hand, all the *Castillans* of Spirit left their Country to serve against them, and of all none more forward than Don *Pedro*, being now perfectly recovered. In an Action between two Corps of the two Armies, and in which were Don *Pedro* and Don *Bernard*, these two Rivals having eyed each other with inexpressible Fury, hastened to satiate their Revenge,

—— Is it thou, Traitor, cried Don *Pedro*, here is no Night now to favour thy Villainy, now thou shalt pay with thy Life, for all the Injuries thou hast done me; and thy Death, answered Don *Bernard* with no less Rage, shall make me some amends for *Leonora's* Contempt. His intrepid Despair was for sometime an Equipoise to Don *Pedro's* Courage, and both were severely wounded, until Don *Bernard*, weakened by the loss of Blood, fell from his Horse; Don *Pedro* instantly alighting, said, with his Sword at his Throat, your Life is mine, but give me up *Leonora*, and it is your own. That is making me a present, answered he, now beyond my Enjoyment, I feel myself dying, but do not think that

Death shall make me so mean spirited as to yield up *Leonora*; I exult, proud Rival, even in Death, that now I for ever deprive thee of her, and that thy Life shall be as unhappy as mine was, I die, and die thy irreconcilable Enemy.

It was an extreme allay to Don *Pedro's* Triumph, that now all Hopes seemed lost of getting any Information of the Place where *Leonora* was immured, but the next Day, as he was sitting in his Tent, imersed in the melancholy Musings of despairing Love, a Prisoner of War, who had a desire to speak to him, was led in; Sir, said he, I come to implore your Protection, I am that unfortunate Friend of Don *Bernard's*, who seconding him in all his Adventures, have attempted your Life, and twice carried off *Leonora*, but it was from no motive of Hatred to you; my Share in all this Guilt was the effect only of extravagant Friendship. Now, Sir, obtain my Pardon, and as this is the best office you can do me, I will do you a piece of Service of all others the most acceptable to you; I am the Man who will conduct you to *Leonora*.

Don

Don *Pedro* answered, two Friends, indeed, very ill matched! will you attach yourself to me? If I engage you in any Dangers, they shall be such as comport with the strictest Virtue, and in which a Sense of Honour will be an additional Spur. I not only assure you of my sincere Forgiveness, but you may likewise depend on my Interest with the King and the Duke of *Alva* for your Pardon.

The Campaign was now concluded; and Don *Pedro* having obtained from the Duke of *Alva* * his Dismission and his new Friend's Pardon, they set out together. Don *Pedro* often talked with Raptures on the Pleasures of surprising *Leonora*; at length after a dangerous Passage from *Ostend* in *Flanders* to *Ferrol* in *Biscay*, he arrived at *Toledo*, without sending her any Notice of the fortunate Discovery. Don *Bernard's* Aunt knew nothing of her Nephew's Death, and was likewise a Stranger to Don *Pedro*, that, on telling her, he came

* General of the *Spanish* Army, it was he who when *Philip* the Second asked him if he had observed the Eclipse, answered, Sir, I have too much Business on Earth, to mind what passes above.

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from Don *Bernard* with his Respects to herself, and Letters for *Leonora*, she received him with great Effusions of Joy and Courtesy, and eagerly conducted him to *Leonora*; but she believing it to be the same Person, who had been the Accomplice of Don *Bernard*'s Violences, would not admit him to the sight of her. Whilst Don *Pedro* was fretting at this Miscarriage of his Contrivance, the Aunt became the Instrument of its Success, assuring *Leonora* that the Gentleman had all the Appearance of Decency and Honour, and that she would be Guarantee that nothing offensive should be said or done. At this *Leonora* answered, she would be down immediately, but what Tongue can express the Extacy of this lovely Lady, at so unexpected a Sight of her dear Deliverer, and not less was the Pleasure of Don *Pedro*, once more to behold his Mistress, and to read in her Eyes that neither Absence nor Misfortunes had made any Alteration in her Love; the Aunt in the mean time stood quite amazed, and totally at a loss, what to think of their mutual Embraces: she was soon given to understand that Don *Bernard* had fallen with Honour

Honour in the Field of Battle, thus saving the old Lady the additional Concern of knowing that he had died by the Hand of his Rival then before her; yet this Account, such was her Tenderneſs for her Nephew, threw her into a Swoon. Our two Lovers availed themselves of it to quit the House, and the rigour of *Spanish* Decency not permitting *Leonora* to follow Don *Pedro* to *Madrid*, she sheltered herself in a Convent, till her Father should fetch her, which he did without Delay; all *Madrid* and the King himself joined in the Joy of the two Families for her happy Deliverance, which was soon followed by the Union of these faithful and virtuous Lovers.

The Applause of the whole Company at the well contrived Incidents and happy Conclusion of this Story, induced *Ausonius*, the Author, to set about the Composition of another, which was the following



INNOCENCE PRESERVED.

I Was going to *Milan la Grande*, as the *Italians* term it, proposing afterwards to give myself the Pleasure of seeing *Venice la ricca*, and to render the Journey more pleasant by a change of Carriage, I had taken a Boat appointing my *Vetturino* or Postillion, to meet me at a Village about four Leagues distant, but the Scoundrel tricked me, and on my arrival at the Village I could hear nothing of him, that I was reduced to foot it with a heavy Heart, which also benumbs the Legs: All Day did I rove about the Plains of *Lombardy*, quite at a loss where to seek Shelter, when I saw at a distance a Gentleman crossing the Country with a Falcon on his Hand, he also had got sight of me, and concluding I was some bewildered Traveller, stopped till I came up, which with all the haste I made was not soon, for, besides being low spirited, my Legs began to fail me. When
I

I came within hearing, he asked me whether I was not a *Spanish* Officer, to which answering in the affirmative, he of himself prevented any Questions from me, and guessing at the Plunge I was in, told me that I had many a weary Step to take to the nearest Inn, and the Entertainment it afforded would but little suit a military Gentleman, but if I chose to follow him he had a Seat hard by, where I should be welcome to spend the Night. Though the Melancholy which clouded his Countenance, was no inviting Augur, my Situation induced me to accept of his Offer, with the Thanks due to such Civility, and this I the more readily brought myself to, reflecting that one seldom comes to any hurt with Persons of Rank, such as this Gentleman appeared to be, and really was.

Our first Entrance was through a Garden, very spacious, but all out of Order, overrun with Grass and Weeds, that it looked perfectly like a Parcel of Land under Sequestration. At our coming up to the House, we were met by some Domesticks, all with dejected Countenances,

nances, and mute as Statues. The House might be called handsome, but every thing in it was perfectly of a piece with the gloominess of the Proprietor. It will readily be imagined, that I could not be quite easy amidst such extraordinary Objects, and indeed I knew not what to think of every thing I saw. The Gentleman seemed to have his Heart full of the blackest Melancholy; when he spoke to his People, it was seldom, and usually by Gestures, and in an abrupt morose manner; at last, to my great Solacement Supper time came, for not having put any Thing in my Mouth since Morning, I waited for it with some Impatience; I was so sharp set that the Master's Affliction and the lugubrious Appearance of the whole House did not hinder me from falling too very hearty; but all the while a profound Silence reigned, that the rule in this Respect is not more strictly observed in a Refectory of *Cartu-
sians* *. I could not with any Decency

* A religious Order instituted in 1084 by St. *Bruno*, Canon of *Rheims* in the south of *France*, their Habit is white with a black Cowl; and among its severe Austerities Silence is a main Article.

open the Conversation, it was certainly his part, if he thought proper. In the House of a Stranger, and especially a superior, I suit myself to his Humour, and especially forbear all curious Enquiry into his Concerns. Whether chearful or melancholy, I suppose they have their Reasons for whatever Temper prevails in them, and there I rest.

Supper being ended and the Attendants withdrawn, the Gentleman thought fit to dismiss his Taciturnity, though with a low and doleful Voice; uttering these Words, which he ushered in, with a sigh,

So tedious and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his Being.

Happy they who are born in a low Condition, they follow their Inclinations, they live well or ill, without making themselves uneasy about what may be thought or said of them; the poor Soldier, when relieved from his Post, throws himself down on his Matrafs, without any Cares or Anxieties to disturb his Rest; it is the
same

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same with the Labourer, Artificer, and the working part of Mankind; if their Days are toilsome their Nights are comfortable; they sleep; whereas Persons, by their Birth and Station exposed to the Eyes of the Public, are the Victims of Slander, Suspensions, and malignant Constructions of the most upright Views; an ill turn is given to every thing. Then turning to me, with a Look of Melancholy softened with a glimring of Complacency, he said, I have long wished to sooth my just Grief, by communicating the wretched cause of it to a proper Person, as I take you to be, having always had a particular esteem for the Gentlemen of the Army; not that I am without Friends, in whose Bosom Secrets of the most delicate Nature would be safe, but what I am going to impart to you is of such a Complexion, that I chuse rather to disclose it to a Stranger, than to Persons whom I see every Day, and who thus would be perpetual Witnesses of my Misery and Shame; accordingly, I can assure you, that not one of my Domesticks is acquainted with the source of my Affliction; and the Dejection which
you

you must observe in all of them, proceeds only from Sympathy or a Conformity to my Humour; seeing me melancholy and silent they are so.

You are to know then, that if Riches alone constituted Happiness I have a sufficiency of the Goods of Fortune to live happy, I never was fond of keeping high or much Company, and having never solicited any public Employment you will easily conclude that I am no Placeman. Virgil's *ignobile otium*, and the Country make my supreme Delight, and here I spend my Life in Exercises becoming a Gentleman; as rural Improvements, Fishing, Hunting, Reading, keeping a decent Table, and entertaining my Acquaintance or Strangers; and I may say that the Poor of the Neighbourhood do not suffer by me; as for Marriage, besides its utter incompatibility with the delightful manner of Life to which I had given myself up, I had always execrated it, and the following Lines were frequently in my Mouth. Marriage is

A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of our own procuring:

As

60 COUNTRY EVENINGS

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ENTERTAINMENTS. 61

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But that 'tis of our own procuring:

As

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As Spiders never seek the Fly,
 But leave him of himself t' apply,
 So Men are by themselves betray'd,
 To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their Necks into a Noose,
 They'd break 'em after to get loose.

But as an unseen Hand makes all our Movements, and what Heaven decrees will come to pass, notwithstanding our Tempers or Resolutions, one Day as I was riding out a Hawking with an unusual Alacrity, my Heart was suddenly struck by the sight of an Object, which nothing has been or ever will be able to efface; it was a little without the Suburbs of *Crema-*
mona, where at a Garden Door I saw a young Woman of a ravishing Beauty. In my first Rapture I was making up to her, but she instantly stepped back and slapped to the Door. Enamoured as I was, you must think, that I immediately set about getting some Information of this charming Person, her Parentage, Rank and Temper, in a Word every thing relating to her. I found that she was not married, that her Parents were mean and low in the World, but that she was

a Girl of admirable Discretion and Virtue. Notwithstanding this last Circumstance I flattered myself that it might be only a prudent Exterior; for according to the above Poet, whom I had by heart,

It 'tis in vain to think to guess
At Women by Appearances :
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of intellectual Complexions ;
And dawb their Tempers o'er with Washes,
As artificial as their Faces:

Or after all, if her Virtue were real, Presents and Promises might get the better of it. In order to this I got three of her own Sex to go to her and feel how her Pulse beat, they went in a Coach under pretence of taking a walk in the Garden, but after trying her every way and employing all their Art, she eluded their Intimations, and kept herself on a Reserve which baffled all their Attacks.

On the Miscarriage of this Stratagem, as my Passion held me continually on the Rack, I determined to go thither in Person, and as the sight of a Man might alarm my Charmer, I prevailed on the same Persons to take me with them in a Woman's Dress,
for

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for besides my having nothing at that time of a Beard, there was a Bloom in my Face, which left very little difference between me and my female Companions; this Visit, as it increased my Passion, so it gave a new turn to it, the distinguishing Civility she shewed me, her obliging Speeches, her natural Address in checking some Sallies of Pleasantry, perhaps a little too free, charmed me beyond what can be conceived; I was so affected at this extraordinary Union of Beauty, Wit, Chearfulness, Reserve and Virtue in so obscure a Condition, that to have lived any longer without her, I am certain would have had the worst of Consequences on me; and careless of the Clamours of my Relations and the Censures of the World, I married her, and retired with her to this Seat, where we lived in a continual Sun-shine of Affection without the least Cloud of Coldness or Disquietude; whenever I staid out late a hunting, as sometimes would happen, at my return, I found her dear Eyes still wet with Tears from her Apprehension that something might have befallen me; and how often, pressing her soft lilly
Hand

Hand have I repeated the following Lines to her, while gentle Smiles manifested a Heart glowing with the like Sentiments.

Oh Marriage! Happiest, easiest, safest State?
 Let Debauchees and Drunkards scorn thy Rites,
 Who in their nauseous Draughts and Lusts profane,
 Both thee and Heav'n by whom thou wert ordain'd.
 How can the Savage call it loss of Freedom,
 Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
 A faithful beauteous Friend? —
 Blush not, my fair one, that my Love applauds thee,
 Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,
 That my full Heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
 Thou art by Law, by Interest, Passion, mine.
 Passion and Reason join in love of thee.
 Thus through a World of Calumny and Fraud,
 We pass both unrepached, both undeceiv'd;
 While in each other's Interest and Happiness,
 We without Art our Faculties employ,
 And all our Senses without Guilt enjoy.

Surely six more happy Years were never known by any Pair on Earth; it is not in Nature that there can be any more happy; at length God permitted such delicious Beginnings to be superseded, perverted, and totally overthrown by a most foul and atrocious Act of Ingratitude; an Act
 which

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which none but a base born Soul could have projected.

In the Neighbourhood lived a Man of low Birth and Circumstances, but with a kind of Wit, a smattering of Music and Poesy, of which I was passionately fond, and some Talents, but which served to cover a great many ill Qualities; I took him into my House, as a Companion of the Solitude in which I lived before my Marriage; I cloathed him like a Gentleman, he sat at my Table, and all my Servants were ordered to treat him with Respect; I always took him a hunting with me; but since my Marriage, from a wicked View of having an Opportunity to talk with my Wife, he has declined it, or returned Home on some feigned Pretence. It was natural for Suspicions to arise, but from the disagreeableness of his Person and Behaviour, I used to laugh at them, and from the Consideration of my Wife's Virtue, I blamed my Suspicions as injurious to her; however, though much more from a regard to Decency, than any other Reason, I gave him to understand that his going a hunting would be agreeable to me.

me. Since that time I have never gone a hunting, but the following Night was disturbed with the Appearance of a Spectre, setting all the Dogs a barking and frightening my Family. Such an extraordinary Event of course occasioned me, however tired, to rise, and range the Garden in search of the Spectre. Every time I sallied forth on these Expeditions, my Wife always locked and bolted the Chamber Door on the inside, never opening it, till my return, when she surely knew by my Voice it was me; this she did, as she said, for fear of the Spectre; at length it occurred to me, that whenever my ill chosen Companion left me a hunting, the Apparition was sure to show itself the following Night. One Day, after a hunt, I ordered one of my Men to post himself towards Midnight, at the Garden Gate, and punctually to watch the Apparition; having taken this Precaution, my Wife and I retired to our Bed Chamber, myself big with Expectation whether the Phantom would make its Appearance as usual; in these Musings was I dozing, when the Hounds set up a barking intermixed with

Howlings

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Howlings louder than ordinary, which it seems was owing to some terrifying Additions, which the Spectre had made to his Garb, with this I started from my Bed and hastened to the Servant whom I had posted at the Garden Door; softly, Sir, said he to me, on seeing me, this Ghost, is nothing but a trick of your favourite *Cornelio*, and whilst you are beating about the Garden, the Dog goes to my Lady's Room, I suppose on no good Business, for it must be some Devil or other that helps him to get in; at least I do not know how he manages it; this I know, that what I say is true, and it is not of to Day, or Yesterday only, that I have perceived this Intrigue. Unhappily I was so inflamed with Rage at these Words, that collaring the Blockhead, I gave him several stabs with a Poinyard saying, *Take this, that you may not tell it to others, and for not telling it me before.* The dead Body I dragged into a kind of Cellar near the Place, and in order to conceal my violent Perturbation at this Information, I slowly walked back, and endeavoured that my trouble might not appear; when I had reached the
Door,

Door, I called to my Wife, who affecting to be extremely frightened, asked me, if it was not the Spectre, and bid me tell her Maiden Name, that she might be sure it was I, and not the Spectre mimicking my Voice. My Emotions, it seems were not to be concealed, so manifestly appearing in my Face, that she immediately cries out—— Oh God? My Dear, what ails you——What a sad Alteration in your Looks! I wish the Phantom was chained down in Hell for throwing you into such a Disorder. I dissembled as well as I could, which you must think was awkwardly, saying, it would soon be over, and we both betook ourselves to bed; I am not ashamed to own that her feigned Tenderness and Endearments, to remove my Disquietude, brought me into some doubt of that Intelligence which had hurried me to such a sanguinary Action; the Night was past in the most torturing Agitations and Conflicts.

At length wished-for Day-light came, and stifling the variety of rankling Passions, which preyed on me, I called up *Cornelio*, and my hunting Servants; we set out, but the

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the whole Day had no manner of Sport, either with my Dogs or Birds, which was so very unusual that I looked on it as an ill omen. Towards the Evening the perfidious *Cornelio*, complained of being quite spent, one of his villainous Pretences for going Home, and I took advantage of it, directing him to tell my Wife, that she might not expect me that Night, as I was going after one of my Birds, which had strayed. The Wretch went away, mightily pleased with his Commission, leaving me under a violent Perplexity how to proceed. At the fall of Night I sent my Men after the Falcon I had lost

And when from End to End
Night's Hemisphere had veil'd th' Horizon round,
The silent Season, when the Happy take
Repose, and only Wretches are awake,

I galloped Home, and got into the House by means of a Key I had taken with me; the first Place I made for was *Cornelio's* Chamber, but instead of finding him, there was only a lighted Candle on the Table, which I took, and more inflamed by this Circumstance, I eagerly

run

run about with prying Eyes, looking every where; till passing through a Room, under mine and my Wife's Bed-chamber, I observed a Ladder, which I found fixed at an opening in the Wall of the Bigness of a Man's Body, concealed under an old Picture, I immediately turned aside the Ladder to prevent the Villain's escape, and afterwards ran up to the Chamber calling out with a loud Voice, open, open immediately; my Wife indeed complied with my Impatience, for the Words were no sooner out of my Mouth, than the Door was opened. But *Cornelio* had been no less alert in making his Escape; only thinking himself secure of the Ladder, in his haste he fell down, and broke both his Legs; I left the Room without giving my Wife a Look, and ran down in quest of her Gallant, whom I found dragging himself along like a hamstrung Bull. Receive from me, thy injured Patron, the deserts of thy Ingratitude, at these words, I stabbed him several Times with my hunting Dagger; I dirted my Hands so far as to hang him up at the very Ladder he had made use of to injure me; thence goaded
on

on by Fury, I flew again up to the Bed-chamber to do myself justice on my Wife, but at sight of her, believe me, Sir, the Dagger dropped out of my Hand, and though Indignation still flamed in me, the charming modesty of her Looks, the awful Beauty of her Person, disabled me from perpetrating its Instigations. At length I shut her up in a Vault with her Minion's Corpse, and bound her Hands and Feet, and having before her cut out the Villain's Heart,—Sir, you seem shocked at my Procedure, but a Wife is never to be forgiven, and I think it is also the Maxim in your Country. I laid the Heart between them, that what she had so much loved might be always before her Eyes. To the same Sepulchre or Prison I also dragged the Body of the Spy whom I had stabbed, saying to her, here is the Witness of thy Guilt; I went back more than once firmly determined to make an end of her at once, but never could imbrue my Hands in her Blood; though certainly it were better for her, and perhaps less cruel in me, that she should die by the Point of a Dagger, than to linger in a loathsome Place, hungry
and

and thirsty. For her daily Allowance of Food is no more than half a Pound of coarse Bread, and a little Water. It is now about a Fortnight since she has seen the Sun, or that we have exchanged a single Word for I go myself to carry the Pittance. I was saying, Sir, that it was no more than a Fortnight, but to me, Sir, the recollection of my past Happiness and some remains of Love, make it seem Ages.

Such, Sir, is my horrible Condition; and this it is that makes me envy those born of an obscure Birth, below the notice of the Publick, that I might betake myself to a Desert;

Some lonely Place where Adders nest in Winter,
Loathsome and venomous; where Poisons hang
Like Gums against the Walls, where Witches meet
By Night, there wretched would I inhabit,
And live up to the height of Desperation.

And since I have gone so far, as to make known to you what never passed beyond my Lips, and I was even almost afraid to think of, I would fain have you yourself see that enchanting fatal Object, which

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has acted so foul a Part with me, has destroyed the most brilliant Plan of Felicity, and on whom Honour will not allow me to cast a Look of Reconcilement, no, nor of Pity.

The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, than without staying for my Consent, he snatched up a Candle beckoning to me to follow him. After crossing a Garden, he opened the Door of this Tomb of the Living and Dead, which presented to me the most horrid and moving Sight that ever I or any other beheld; here lay a Body all over Blood and pierced with several Wounds, there another bruised and mangled, with a wide Gash under the Ribs, and the Heart lay on a piece of Board directly before one of the finest Faces which Beauty ever decked; but a Circumstance which not a little affected me, was, that two or three Dogs, following us, made up to their distressed Mistress, licking her Hands and Face; this was a Sight which I perceived the obdurate Husband was not Proof against.

I laid

I laid hold of this Interval of Softness, saying to him: hitherto, Sir, I have listened without interrupting you, not a Word have I offered to say concerning what you have been pleased to communicate to me; this Caution I observed, partly as thinking you was not disposed nor in a Condition to answer me with much Propriety, and likewise expecting, that at length, you would give me leave to speak; well Sir, answered he, you may, and whatever you shall think proper to say, I am ready to hear; encouraged with these Words and his pleasant Look, the happy Effect of reviving Tenderness, all my Uneasiness vanished, and I spoke to him in the following manner: You have acknowledged, Sir, that the first Impression of Love that you felt for your Spouse on seeing her, was so deep that nothing has been nor ever will be able to efface it; the cause of so deplorable a Catastrophe, is too tender a Point for me to touch on; be your Suspicion just, or otherwise, certain it is, for I have it from your own Mouth, that except these two Wretches, the Victims of your Revenge, it is known to no Person on Earth, and with them

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the Secret is safe. You are sensible, Sir, that Honour and Infamy do not consist in what we ourselves know or think, but in what the Publick knows, or thinks, else I fear many must fly from the Society of their own Species and haunt with Beasts, to which, by Profligacy, Iniquity or Profaneness they have debased themselves; by the Death of these two Men, you are sure that this unhappy Event is buried in eternal Silence; here is your Spouse still living, perhaps she may, all this while, be innocent; and your inability to accomplish your Revenge on her by a Weapon, to me appears to favour such a Conjecture; other Reasons I pass over, only pray take notice of the Commiseration and Fondness of those poor Dogs, those dumb Animals, how they jump about her, and lick her Hands.

Before the Husband could make me any Answer his Spouse prevented him, and with a faint Voice, as indeed coming from a Tomb, she drew out the following Words: Sir, your good Intentions, I must thank you for, but they are to no purpose; to live is not my Desire,

not

not the most glittering Enjoyments of the World should bring me back into it; yet as so strange an Event will not easily depart from your Remembrance, and you may relate it to others, I would have you informed of the Truth; even in this horrid Abode, it gives me great Pleasure, that, on one Hand, my Husband may not be charged with Cruelty, nor I branded with an Infamy which I have not deserved.

These two Men, whom you see lying here both deserved the Death they met with, one for telling a Thing which he had neither seen, nor could see; and the other not for the Crime he has committed, but for the intended commission of it; his foul Ingratitude to injure my Spouse than whom no Man had a more kind Benefactor: that he did sometimes come and talk with me in my Husband's Absence I do not deny, but as in all his Words and Behaviour he kept within the strictest Decency, I took no Umbrage; the Night indeed, that Night which I say was fatal to the Wretch and me, was the first time I ever saw him in my Bed-

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Chamber; and then, to my great Amazement and Fright, I saw him come from behind a large Picture; I asked with becoming Indignation how he could dare to come into my Room at such a time, and was on alarming the House, when I heard my Husband's Voice at the Door. Since he has brought you hither, Sir, he may rehearse to you the sequel if he has not already; so I leave you to judge, whether my Behaviour which I have uniformly kept to for above six Years, that I have had the Honour to be married to him, warrants such Suspicions; and had I been so abandoned as to harbour an Inclination to dishonour a Husband, my Fidelity to whom I prize above all the Crowns in the World, I put it to himself, whether he thinks me so void of good Sense and Discretion as to make use of those silly low Devices, which have been practised; or even, whether considering the openness and freedom, in which by my Husband's own Order I lived with that Wretch, there was any need of them. Any farther Justification of myself would be needless, and I hope my Husband,

his

his Honour being also concerned, will forgive this Plea against those Suspicions which immediately inflamed him, and in some measure will justify his Treatment of me; a Treatment much worse than present Death: and would it not revolt your Humanity, I could with the same Sincerity and Truth which has accompanied the preceding Words, intreat you to exhort him to put a sudden Period to such an horrible Life, under which never human Creature lingered before.

She ended, and the Tears which rose in her Husband's Eyes at her beginning to speak, and encreased as she went on in her Vindication, declared the powerful Effect of her Words: and now his Procedure appeared to him in a very different Light. Willing to improve this happy Change in behalf of suffering Innocence, I said to him well, Sir, what think you of all this? he answered, dropping his Arms, in token of Grief and Confusion, as I gave you Liberty to say what you thought fit, so now you have the same Liberty to do what you shall think best for me; instantly I did what I thought best, I cut

the Cords from this innocent Victim, but she having no longer support, such as it was, fell into my Arms and sunk down on the Ground, where she sat as if to recover her Strength, greatly impaired by the Injuries and Hardships she had undergone. Now the Husband saw his Precipitancy in all its Horror, and struck with the Consequences of it, the horrid Scene then before him, he threw himself down by her, kissing her Hands, and in an Agony entreated her to forgive his Barbarity; here the poor Lady, through weakness or rapturous Emotions at the return of her Husband's Affections, fainted away, to all appearance, irrecoverable. The Husband started up and ran into the House, I believe more eagerly, than when he was busiest about his Revenge; some Drops he brought back with him, had a most wonderful Effect; all the Charms of his beautiful Spouse soon kindled up anew, though somewhat impaired by meagerness; then opening the finest Eyes in the World towards her Husband: Alas, Sir, do you then bring me back to Life? to me it is happy only as you love me,
 Mine

Mine depends on yours, dear injured Creature. I took the Liberty to interrupt these Endearments, saying, it was no time for much talking, so raising her up, we carried her in our Arms from that infectious Place to her Apartment, where by further Care she was delivered from the Danger which during her *Syncope*, seemed to have overcome her. The next Day I was for taking my leave, but could not withstand the pressing Instances of this happy Pair, that I spent three whole Weeks with them, no Body knowing what was become of me, but during which I had the Pleasure of seeing the Lady recover her Complexion, the Husband his Chearfulness, the Servants their Speech, and the Garden its Elegancy.

Fye on their vile, inhuman *Italian* and *Spanish* Maxims, cried *Arietta*, why did you not bring the jealous Murderer to the Wheel? I bless my Stars, I was born in that happy Land of conjugal indulgence, dear *France*.

Give me leave, dear Author to make a short Animadversion on your last Piece, at the same time acknowledging the Pleasure,

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sure, which I have received from your imaginative Talents. Does not the divine *Horace*, lay it down as a Rule,

*Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris:
Nec quodcunque volet poscat sibi fabula credi.*

But duce take my pedantic *Latin*; I ask pardon, Ladies, the meaning of it is:

Would you divert? the probable maintain,
Expect not Credit to a monstrous Scene.

Now the loving Lady intomb'd with two dead Scoundrels is sufficiently monstrous; for is it supposeable that any Person could live a Fornight shut up with two dead Carcasses, and especially in so hot a Climate as that where the Scene is laid; the noxious Effluvia must certainly have destroyed Life.

Lovely *Arietta*, I have a Word to you, said *Lentulus*: however shocking this mistaken Husband's treatment of his Wife appears to you, the Excesses of Revenge, in a *Spanish* Lady of whom I have read in a very elegant and creditable Writer, will not I fancy, be condemned by you with
such

such Heat and Acrimony. The Story is this: An *English* Gentleman, who in a Rencounter by Night, in the Streets of *Madrid*, had the Misfortune to kill his Man, fled into a Church-Porch for Sanctuary. Leaning against the Door, he was surpris'd to find it open, and a glimmering Light in the Church; he had the Courage to advance towards the Light, but was something startled at the sight of a Woman in white, who ascended from the Grave, with a bloody Knife in her Hand. The Phantom coming up to him, asked, what he did there? He told her the Truth without reserve, imagining it was a Ghost, who would hardly deliver him to the Hands of Justice, or that the Truth might be already known to an Inhabitant of the spiritual World: upon which she spoke to him in the following Manner: Stranger, thou art in my Power: I am a Murderer as thou art; know then that I am a Nun of a noble Family. A base perjured Man ruined me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; that did not satisfy, me, I have bribed the Sexton to let me into the Villain's Grave, and

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and have cut out his false Heart from his Body; and thus I use a Traitor's Heart. At these Words she tore it in pieces and trampled it under her Feet.

No more Remarks, I pray, said *Miranda*, Disputes will intrude too far on the Night; thus after mutual good Wishes, the Company retired.



ARNOLD



A R N O L D

A N D

CLARAMOND.

TWO of the most eminent Families in *Provence*, that paradisiacal part of the South of *France*, had some slight Contests, occasioned more by Vanity than any real Motive; their Resentments gradually increasing they became irreconcilable Enemies, and according to the Custom of those ferocious Times, broke out into open Violences; the Chiefs raised their Vassals and engaged each other with a Rage and Cruelty seldom seen in foreign Wars. The approach of *Charles* the Fifth's Army, that Army whose success at *Pavia*,

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*Pavia**, was so fatal to our Nation, for some time caused a suspension of all private Animosities, and the safety of the Country became the predominant Concern.

No sooner did that Cloud disappear, when these Enmities revived in all that detestable Fury, which so many Widows and Orphans lamented. The two Chiefs *Precourt* and *Raymond*, preferring Revenge, to the sweet Serenity which reigns in a Mind void of turbulent Passions, determined to surpass their Ancestors and join in a Combat attended only by five near Relations, that the Heads of one Family, might fall by the Hands of the

* In this Battle the *French* lost ten thousand Men, and among them their principal Nobility; their King *Francis* the First, was taken Prisoner. When the News of this glorious Victory was brought to the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, he withdrew to his Oratory, without saying a Word, and there spent half an Hour in returning thanks to God for the Success of his Arms. On his coming out of the Oratory, finding the Palace crowded with Noblemen, who came to compliment him on the Victory: He answered: *It is the Supreme Majesty whom we must thank.* And seeing preparations making for public Rejoicings he forbade them; saying, *they were proper only for a Victory over the Infidels.*

other,

other; in this vindictive Encounter four of one side and three of the other breathed their last on the Spot. *Precourt* received a fatal Stroke from *Raymond*, who, with his Son *Arnold* was so severely wounded, that he survived the Action only a few Days, but on his Death-Bed, an awful time when other Ideas should employ the Mind, he gloried that his hereditary Enemy had fallen immediately by his Hand. The death of *Precourt*, who was possessed of every amiable Quality, so affected his Widow that she soon followed him, and the disconsolate Grief of *Claramond*, their Daughter, for the loss of two such Parents, excited in her an ardent and fixed Desire of Revenge on that Family which had been the Authors, of this afflictive Catastrophe.

Several of the most distinguished Rank, paid their Addresses to her, much more on account of her incomparable Beauty, than with a View of enobling their Families with the additional Splendour and Dignities of that of *Precourt*, which makes such a shining Figure in the Gallic Records of Fame. To such Overtures her
constant

constant Answer was, That her Price was the Head of *Arnold*, *Raymond*'s Son. This drew many Challenges on the Innocent Youth, but his Victory over the three first Assailants, cooled the Ardour of the other Competitors, and Fear, which is ever for covering its Scandal with some shew of Reason, led them to reflect on the Nature of the Combat to which their Passion prompted them; they, very few excepted, rationally concluded that it was abominable for ten or twelve to league together against one, and he a Person quite idolised by those who knew him best; and this in subservience to the implacable Fury of a Girl whose cause of complaint, if she had any, lay more against the fate of Arms, which had declared itself dis-favourable to her Family, than against *Arnold*, who, like a gallant Son, had fought by his Father's Side, and in a Combat, in which all the Laws of Honour had been punctually observed.

Claramond under her Affliction had been invited to the Seat of her Uncle *la Tournelle*, whose Son had also fallen in this Family-Combat; the Misfortune of
her

her three Champions, rather inflamed her Rage, than added to her Grief; and foreseeing that it would naturally strike a Damp on the others, became a Prey to the Clashings of Impatience and Hesitations. At length, she determined not to trust her Cause to the Hands of others, but to plan some opportunity of being herself the Instrument of her Revenge. Forgetful of her Sex, her Rank and every other consideration of Decency and Safety, she closes with a Device which came into her Head, of putting on the Dress of a Man, and offering her services to *Arnold*; if once she could procure some Employment about his Person, she concluded an Opportunity of executing her Revenge, would not long be wanting.

Claramond communicated her Design to her Waiting-maid, not doubting but that from a certain impetuosity of Temper, which predominated in the Girl, she would applaud the Design; but *Alonne* seeing how much it affected her Mistress's Honour and Life, strongly remonstrated against it; however *Claramond* continued immoveable; on which her faithful Maid assured her, that, at all Events, she would accompany her,
and

and suffered an unlimited Devotedness to her Will, to take the Lead of her own private Sentiments; her Mistress embracing her with an Affection due to such implicit Zeal, they consulted on ways and means for the Success of the Enterprize, and how to execute, without the privity of *Tournelle*. Some pretence was to be struck out for leaving his Seat, where they had met with such cordial Entertainment: it was agreed that *Claramond*, who had a House near *Bagniere* *, should feign herself out of order, and tell her Uncle that, formerly, for the same Illness, her Physicians had recommended to her the Waters of that Place, which had a very happy Effect on her; and that, with his Leave she would go thither and return to him on her Recovery.

This good Uncle, whose affection for his Niece, was encreased by the loss of both her Parents, instead of wavering, advised her to make all proper haste to that Place, where she had found so much Benefit; charging her also to return as soon as her Health would permit.

* A place in the South of *France*, still famous for its medicinal Waters.

Claramond

Claramond and *Alonne* having, by the dexterity of the latter, procured to themselves Mens Cloaths and other requisite Implements, and accustomed themselves in the most private Apartment of *Claramond's* House to their New Garb and Character, they set out on Horse-back at Mid-night, and took the *Provence* Road, as leading to *Arnold's* principal Seat.

On their Arrival at *Aix*, the splendid Capital of that Province, *Claramond* having heard that *Arnold* was passionately fond of Music, bought a Lute, flattering herself that her Skill on that Instrument would immediately gain her Admittance into *Arnold's* Family. As a previous Essay whether long Affliction had not diminished the Charms of her Voice, she sung an Air, accompanying it with the Lute, and so melodious was the Harmony, that *Alonne*, after looking on her for some Moments quite motionless, said to her with a Sigh, proceeding from the Extasy to which she had been raised; are these the Weapons, Madam, with which you intend to revenge yourself on your Enemy, die he certainly would; but such a Death deserves rather

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rather to close the mortified Life of some devout Hermit; than of such a sanguinary Wretch; seldom are our Passions so strong, as totally to stifle all fondness of Praise; *Claramond* smiled at this high Encomium, but soon reassuming the stern Mein suitable to the Situation of her Mind; *Alonne*, said she, thy Sentiments were always great and honourable, I am all on fire to plant a Dagger in the Heart of that Barbarian who deprived my dear Father of his Life; every Night methinks he and the other unfortunate Gentlemen who fell in that fatal Combat, urge me to hasten our common Revenge.

With the change of Habit it being also necessary to change Names, *Claramond* took that of *Herman* and *Alonne* was to be called *Fourbin*. In the way from *Aix* to *Arnold's* Seat Chance threw in their Way his Steward, who, taken with the elegant Appearance and promising Looks of the two youthful Cavaliers, drew near to them, and after some Compliments, asked whither they were going. *Herman* made Answer, We have heard much of the
taste

taste of a certain Nobleman called *Arnold*, for Music, and we are going to offer our Services to him. The Steward, who knew the Truth of what he heard, assured them that it was the best thing they could do, and that they might now depend on his Master's liberal Acceptance of their Service, especially as, continues he, poor Gentleman, he stands in great need of some Relief, amidst the preying Sorrows which he gives himself up to, on Account of a Quarrel of a long standing, and which will never be brought to a Period, but by his Death; in the mean time it takes away all his relish of Life; then he goes on to relate to them, what they knew better than himself.

Arnold, to whom his Steward introduced *Herman* and *Fourbin*, received them with great Courtesy. *Herman's* Beauty struck him at first Sight, the gracefulness of every part of his Deportment, of every Gesture, employed his Admiration, and *Claramond* overcome, in spite of her very self, by the endearing Marks of Regard which *Arnold* condescended to shew them, as

Kindness

Kindness has resistless Charms,
Fiercest Anger it disarms;

was already so far softened that a Dagger would have dropped out of her Hand, even if an opportunity had offered of stabbing him without any danger to herself; every thing pleaded for *Arnold*, the prepossession in his Favour raised at the first Sight of him, and encreased by Acquaintance; his Air, his propriety of Behaviour on all occasions, his solid Virtue impressed the most insensible Minds with a kind of Adoration. One Day, in a rapture of Delight caused by the supposed *Herman's* Music or rather Love, which under the appearance of Friendship was insinuating itself into his Heart, he openly cried out; why such Beauty, why such a charming Voice in a Youth, Oh, that Heaven would change *Herman's* Sex, that would be a happy Metamorphosis; then would all my Sorrows be fully compensated, could she be brought to accept of a Life devoted only to her Happiness.

Claramond blushed, for her Love being as yet in its infantine State, was too weak

weak totally to expel from her Heart all vindictive Desires; yet those former Motions of Malevolence, Rage and Hatred which she thought never would relax, now scarce moved in her: Love was daily growing, and soon it rose to a Poise with Hatred, and not long after to preponderate against it, and gained such sway over *Claramond*, that she loved *Arnold* more than she had ever hated him; this Gentleman, who for sometime past had given himself up to a settled Melancholy, suddenly was seen to put on that air of Serenity and Chearfulness which arises from the Pleasure of living with Persons whom we love. Agitated with Motions of which he mistook the principle, *Arnold* enjoyed its Pleasures, free from all apprehension, as only indulging the innocent Transports of Friendship; he would often say, the coming of these two accomplished young Gentlemen to my House, I look on as a Blessing particularly sent me from Heaven, to relieve me from that dismal State, into which I have long been plunged. Life was growing perfectly insupportable to me, now I enjoy it, it is even delicious.

I cannot

I cannot bear the thoughts, added a Friend of *Arnold's*, that a Girl, because forsooth her Father by the fortune of the Sword fell in a Combat, will be disturbing a Life which every thing concurs to render happy; and nothing will satisfy her implacable Cruelty but your Blood, though so many have already paid dearly for being the Tools of her Humour. God grant that we may soon hear of her Death, and then we may expect to see quiet and good Neighbourhood again. God forbid, replied *Arnold*, I freely own there is nothing I more wish for, than that *Claramond*, would give over her Revenge; yet the Motives of it, well considered, are not very blameable; and, were it not for the ill Construction which may be put on such a Procedure, as arising from a fear of some new Champion of hers, I would myself go in Person and endeavour to appease her, or submit to any Satisfaction she should require. Satisfaction! answered another of his Friends, with some warmth, why talk of Satisfaction; her Father and all his Adherents, were not they killed according to the strictest Laws of Honour?

Was

Was it not your own Father's Fate? his Death, the Blood of your Relations, and what you yourself lost, which brought you to Death's Door, did you ever charge that to her Account? after having gone through three or four Dewels, are you to fight every hot-headed Votary of hers? This is what I think Honour no wise obliges you to. That would hold good, says *Arnold*, if I had to do with a Man; but as Ladies cannot call their Enemies to account, they have a right to insist on fighting all who will espouse their Quarrel.

Claramond was so moved with this Conversation, that lest her Blushes and Confusion might betray her, she arose to withdraw; *Arnold* little suspecting the Cause, asked his dear *Herman*, whether he found himself out of order; *Claramond* pretended that a violent Head-Ach had suddenly seized her, and with his leave, she would go and see what an Hour or two on the Bed might do. Now many jarring Reflections rushed on her fluctuating Mind: sometimes she reproached herself as unnatural and base, in loving him by whose

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Hand her Father had fallen; then makes it a Crime that ever she could have formed a Design against the Life of a Person, who was an Ornament to the Country, the Idol of all the Neighbourhood Rich and Poor, and possessed of every amiable Quality; then alarmed for the Issue of her Passion, she cried out, What do I mean by loving *Arnold*? Who will make my Love known to him? And supposing he should come to know it, what can I expect but Contempt and Insult? how will my Weakness, my change from one Extreme to another be exclaimed against? No, these are such Weights on my Mind, that it is Death alone which can ease me of them.

Alonne, who had soon followed *Claramond*, seeing her Mistress in an Agony, so far beyond what was usual in her most melancholy Mood, asked the Cause. *Claramond* laying open her whole Situation, in the most affecting Point of View, concluded with saying, to such Evils there is no Remedy but Death. No Madam, answered *Alonne*, we are not to throw ourselves into Despair when moderate Measures are before our Eyes, the Accom-

Accomplishments and Virtues of *Arnold*, his genteel Treatment of us, have brought you not only to lay aside all ill Designs against him; but excuse me, have even produced a vehement Love to him. Well and what can be inferred from this Change? but, being virtuous yourself, you knew how to value his Deserts. Are you afraid of being taxed with Inconstancy? are you the first in whom Hatred has been seen to be succeeded by Love? To love a Person worthy of being loved, however we hated him before, cannot be called Inconstancy; and to pass from Hatred to Love, becomes us much better, than from Love to Hatred; your Passion is unknown to him who inspired it, and you mistrust that when he is informed of it, it will not meet with any return; you even apprehend that it will be treated with Contempt; this is the Weakness of us all, that, the more we desire any thing, the greater our Fears are of a Miscarriage: As *Arnold*; under your Disguise, and ignorant of your real Condition, treats you with distinguished Kindness, and manifestly prefers you to his most intimate Acquaintance, how

great will be his Joy when he comes to know better? Have you already forgot what he said with regard to the two Families? Believe me, there will not be a happier Man in the World than him, when one and the same blissful Instant shall crown all his Desires, by the Period of a Hatred which imbitters his whole Life, and, by the Commencement of a reciprocal Love. Alas, my dear *Alonnel* you give me a little Comfort, said *Claramond*, but whilst he is a Stranger to my Sufferings, what Relief can I hope for, and who will break the Secret to him? You cannot think that I myself will go and relate to him, that the end of my coming to his House was to take away his Life; but that he has raised in me a languishing Love, which, instead of Revenge, now employs all my Thoughts and Wishes; for me to throw myself at his Feet, beg pardon as a guilty Wretch, and intreat him to love me.—Ah, Madam, replied *Alonne*, *Arnold* adores you.—— Submission will be his Part; his Desire that there should be an end of all Enmity between the two Families is too manifest, to leave
any

any room of Fear, that a way of reconciliation will be wanting, without your exposing yourself.

As *Alonne* had zealously remonstrated against the romantic Enterprize, so she no less tenderly comforted her Mistress under the Consequences. Some Days past in deliberating on what was best to be done; as, for *Claramond* to discover herself, whilst at *Arnold's* Seat, was by no means proper; the Contrivance they agreed on was, that *Alonne* should write to some trusty Acquaintance, who in Answer was to send them an Account of the Death of an imaginary Uncle; on which they were to ask their Dismission.

Alonne's Friend acted up to that Character, sending such a Letter of the Death of an Uncle as could cause no manner of Suspicion, and it was resolved that very Evening, when *Arnold's* Leisure would render it better timed, to move for their Dismission; but now were partly verified the following Lines of the facetious Poet:

Ay me! what perils do environ

The Man that meddles with cold Iron!

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What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps
Do dog him still with After-Claps,
For though Dame *Fortune* seem to smile
And lear upon him for a while,
She'll after shew him in the Nick
Of all his Honours a Dog-Trick.

Arnold now amidst a Company of select Friends, who flattered him that his past Successes would deter any more from entering the Lists against him, was enjoying his favorite Pleasure of hearing his *Herman* sing, when suddenly the melodious Accents of the Lute and *Claramond's* Voice, were interrupted by the Trumpets piercing Clangor; and, at the same instant, Word was brought in of a Herald being at the Gate: thus is Festivity frequently overclouded by unexpected Sorrow. *Arnold* ordered him to be shewed in: The Herald, delivers to him a Letter from a Cavalier, whom he said he was not to name; *Arnold*, read to the Company the Letter, the Contents of which were as follows.

SIR,

SIR,

‘ **T**Hough Heaven has hitherto deferred the Punishment of thy crying Offences, against her on whom alone it has bestowed Perfection, it has only been to enhance thy Shame and Torture. Trusting that the divine Goodness, finding my Affection worthy of the Glory of performing so acceptable a Service to my Mistress, has chosen me for the Instrument of its just Wrath, and to enjoy the Reward to which she has bound herself, and since my Life cannot be happy but by thy Death, I send thee this Challenge, that with the usual Weapons of Cavaliers, we may To-morrow at Sun-rise, try whom Justice or Fortune will most favour.

The Cavalier who proposes this Combat, says the Herald, being no Stranger to your Courage, I am ordered by him to inform you, that for the safety of the Field he requires only your Word, leaving you the Choice both of it and the Weapons; yet, that with your Approbation the Combat shall be on Horse-back, with Sword

and Launce, leaving you however, the Regulation of the whole, as your Friends shall advise; my Friend, replied *Arnold*, I have been engaged too often in these unhappy Affairs, to stand in need of Advice. Tell your Master that I think he should have made himself known, as from his concealing himself it may be questioned whether his Rank allows him to fight with me; nevertheless, without insisting on hearing his Title, I accept his Challenge with the Weapons, and at the time mentioned; and since he has not specified the Place, let it be in the Plain about half a League off, towards *Arles*, I shall bring with me only two Gentlemen, and those, only to be Judges of the Strokes, not to engage in our Quarrel; and that none of our Attendants may be prompted from Spectators to become Actors, he is desired to swear his Friends, as I shall swear mine, not to attempt any thing against each other.

Your own Nature, Gentlemen, will tell you with what Emotion this Herald was received by the whole Company; but the Storm which it raised in *Claramond's* Bosom,

Bosom, is not to be expressed; the Person of all others dearest to her might perish in this Combat, of which she alone was the Occasion. From the frequent Changes in her Countenance, whilst *Arnold* was speaking to the Herald, it was easily perceived that it affected her quite otherwise, than those who had no immediate concern in the Quarrel; but the good-natured Company judging of her by themselves, attributed the supposed Page's Perturbation, to his Affection for his Master.

This was indeed a horrid Night to the sorrowful *Claramond*, she was often on the Point of making herself known; but Honour, which ever bears the Ascendant in a noble Soul, suggesting to her, the Shame, the Infamy, she would draw on herself by such a Declaration, withheld her; let him once more fight; should he loose his Life, mine shall follow. Oh my Father and all ye whom those long Quarrels have sent to the Regions of Death, accept of the Pangs of my conflicting Heart, instead of murderous Vengeance; pangs so excruciating, that your Shades, however irritated, may henceforth rest appeased.

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The next Morning, by break of Day, the Knight's Herald returned with Notice, that his Master agreed to the Place mentioned by *Arnold*; that of the two Gentlemen who were to accompany him, he had taken their Word of Honour not to fight; I am also enjoined, added the Herald, to let you know that some particular Motives lay him under a Necessity of concealing his Name; withal to assure you, that his Birth is unexceptionable, and that after all he was extremely concerned, there was no other way of obtaining the Possession of his beloved Object; but that the invincible Violence of his Passion forces him to sacrifice the Rights of Friendship to the Pleasure of her whom he adored.

To the Herald, *Arnold* answered, that he would instantly send away a Page with him to view the Spot intended for the Combat; and that he would be there in Person within the Hour, likewise to tell the enamoured Cavalier, that he would excuse his Love, but not overlook his Rashness; then turning to his dear *Herman*, whom he had chosen for his Attendant, together with *Maurice*, a young Man of tried Courage, he

he said: go, young Gentlemen and View the Spot for this unexpected Affair. *Claramond* encouraged by the Tranquillity of the intrepid *Arnold*, put on a Suit of Armour, and mounted her Horse, with a graceful Alacrity. At her return from her Commission, she found *Arnold* and *Maurice*, armed and on Horseback, and thus they moved out of the Castle; being come to the Spot agreed on, *Arnold* takes his Launce from the Hands of his handsome Page, saying, that Cavalier on the white Horse I take to be him, whom Love has sent on this idle Errand; he has all the Appearance of a Man of Spirit, but that will best be seen upon Trial; then ordering *Herman* and *Maurice* to withdraw to the distance of half a quarter of a Mile, the unknown Cavalier gave the like Orders to his Seconds, and after five or six Volts, moves slowly forward, till space was left to put his Horse at full Speed; then couching his Launce, he makes towards *Arnold*, who also rushes on him; so violent was the shock of their rencounter that their Launces flew in Shivers, and their Horses fell backwards; but *Arnold*,
 who

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who had kept his Stirrups, immediately recovered his Attitude to avail himself of his Enemy's Disadvantage; and he was no less alert to prevent him, but his Horse, whether still stunned with the Shock or turned too short, falls on one Side with his Rider under him; you see, says *Arnold*, you fight in a wrong Cause, and this you must own and beg your Life; or Death is the Word. To me it is enough that you ascribe your Advantage to Fortune, replied the Cavalier, the Victory I own I cannot deprive you of, but never shall you or any Man living reproach me with a base Submission; to beg my Life is scandalous, and I choose rather to die like a Man of Honour.

Arnold affected by such extraordinary Magnanimity, if refusing to submit when disabled, be not rather culpable, alighted to help him, thinking he had received only some slight Contusion; but seeing that he could not stand, and one of his Legs was fractured, he calls to the Attendants on both Sides, and addressed himself to the Cavalier; your Courage, says he, Sir, is such as merits the Esteem of all
who

who have any Sense of Honour; as for my Part, though Fortune oppresses Virtue, my Endeavours shall be to raise it, and this Arm which was stretched out against you, shall henceforth be always ready in your Cause; it is not of To-day, replied the Knight, that your Generosity was first known to me; to clear what I owe to you, will never be in my Power; besides my Grief is, that now Duty leaves nothing to be done by Good-will and Generosity.

Now came up the Cavaliers on both Sides, *Claramond's* Joy is easy to be imagined, she could have wished to have known who it was, who, after such an Interval had declared for her; but, *Arnold* though very urgent that the Knight would be carried to his House, yielded to his Instances, that he would allow him to seek Relief elsewhere; having, said he, very strong Reasons for keeping himself unknown.

Claramond, whose Design of going away was still uppermost, as leading to a happy Conclusion of all her Troubles by an Union with *Arnold*, laid hold of the first
Op-

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was the Cause of his concealing himself, being ashamed, and very justly, of sacrificing the Laws of Friendship to Love.

Improbe amor, quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis!

Cries *Dido*, and that this Passion impels its Votaries to scandalous Actions, a thousand living instances manifest;

Love's Power's too great to be withstood;
By feeble human Flesh and Blood,
'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The hec't'ring Kill-cow *Hercules*;
Reduc'd his frightful Lion's Skin
T' a Petticoat, and made him spin,
He made the beauteous Queen of *Crete*
To take a Town-bull for her Sweet:
'Twas he made *Vestal* * Nuns love-sick
And venture to be buried Quick.

'Tis

* The *Vestal* Virgins were so called from the perpetual Fire dedicated to the Goddess *Vesta*, which they were to keep alive under very severe Punishment, to which allude these following Lines in the Tragedy of *Cato*:

Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling *Vestal*
When she beholds the sacred Flame expiring.

They were of the best Families in *Rome*; and chosen from the Age of six to ten. They made a vow of
Chastity

'Tis he that stately Dames enamours
 With Lackies and *Valets de Chambres* :
 Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,
 And makes them stoop to dirty Grooms.

With a Heart full of *Arnold's* generous Behaviour, he was no sooner able to sit a Horse, than he hastened to the Seat of *Claramond's* Uncle, rightly judging, that, to a Hero whose Valour was tempered with such Mildness and Humanity, nothing could be more acceptable than to extinguish a Feud, which had so often disturbed the Quiet of the Country. The intimate Connections between him and *la Tournelle*, led him to conclude that he should easily bring that Gentleman to close with a Reconciliation, and that *Claramond* would not stand out against the Pleasure of an Uncle, who had tenderly supplied the Place of a Father to her.

But this ferocious Man, at *Maufroy's* Overture of an Accommodation, flew into a Flame; I had, hitherto, thought that of

Chastity, and the Breach of it was punished with being buried alive. Such a strict Purity was required of them, that one was put to Death only for saying, *she fancied Marriage must be a very pleasant Thing.*

all

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all my Friends, you was he I could most depend on, but it seems, I was mistaken in my Man: know then, that till my Enemy and his Adherents breathe their last, I will not desist; you and all my other sham Friends may join them; my Hatred shall flame, though left alone. As for *Arnold* I will soon take a Course with him, which shall put a speedy stop to his cowardly Intrigues for bringing about a Reconciliation; and you, I suppose, will scarce trouble me a second time with such a Message. *Maufroy* assured him, it was purely a regard for their Family, which had put him on this Step; that *Arnold* knew nothing of the Matter; however, since he was so unhappily averse from Peace, not a Word more of it should he ever hear from him.

Before *Maufroy* left this Seat, where after such an abrupt Reception he was not fond of staying, a Servant of *la Tournelle's* informed him, that a Man had been suborned to offer his Services to *Arnold*, in order to Poison him. *Maufroy*, instantly, sends Advice to *Arnold* of the Devices practising against him; then, imagining
from

from the Softness of the Sex, that *Claramond* would lend a more favourable Ear to his pacific Proposals, he resolves to go to her in *Gascony*, as she was not expected back till Spring. Now, he thought, that if the Niece shewed herself inclined to a Reconciliation, the Uncle on his Side would be more flexible, as his Ardour for Revenge might be more on her Account than his own.

Claramond was at a loss what to think of his coming; of all her *Inamaratos*, whom she imagined might have challenged *Arnold*, *Mausfroy* had not occurred to her. He candidly gave her the particular Account of the Combat, enlarged on *Arnold's* extraordinary Merits; laid before her how much the general Happiness of the Country was affected by these Family Animosities; this he enlarged on, knowing it was touching her in a sensible Part, her diffusive Benevolence; in a Word he exhausted his Rhetoric in persuading her to what before was her predominant Wish.

Claramond, without an immediate Assent to the Proposal, did not reject it with
the

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the Asperity of her Uncle, and concealing her real Sentiments, asked *Maufroy* whether *Arnold* had commissioned him to open the Matter to her. No, but from the Goodness of his Heart, I dare answer for his joyful Concurrence, if that be all which is wanting. The Period of these Animosities promises a complete Happiness to both; and being devoted to you from Love, and to him by Gratitude, this Reconciliation is what I should pride myself in being the Instrument of. Am I, said *Claramond*, to solicit a Pacification with one, who has given me such cause of Offence? Were I sure of his sincere Concern for what is past, I do not know whether I should not come in to whatever my Uncle should think proper towards a Reconciliation.

Maufroy, as a Relation, was invited to spend a few Days at *Claramond's* Seat, under Condition of not assuming the Character of a Lover, but whether from this Restriction, or Ardour to accomplish his generous Views, flushed with the favourable Dispositions of *Claramond*, he made the best of his way to *Arnold's* Seat;

Seat; but in the mutual Gratuations which he had anticipated, he was for this time disappointed, *Arnold* being gone into *Provence* on a Visit to a Lady, a Relation of his.

The dark Winter being superseded by the gladſom Spring, *Claramond* ſet out for *Provence*; but when within three eaſy Days Journey of her Uncle, her Attendants loſt their Way, and bewildered themſelves in a Foreſt horrid with rocky Precipices, and in which few Paths of human Feet, or Tracks of Beaſts were to be ſeen; and a further apparent Miſfortune was, that her Servants endeavouring to find a Road out of theſe dreary Solitudes, loſt one another, and the poor Lady was left with only one Page, and her faithful *Alonne*.

The weſtern Sun now ſhot a feebler Ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the remains of Day.

Yet no ſight of any Attendant, that *Claramond*'s Uneaſineſs began to heighten into a Suſpicion of ſome Plot, the various Ends of which her buſy Imagination repre-

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representing to her, filled her with the most terrifying Ideas. In vain *Alonne* strove to Comfort her, in vain the Page made several Excursions, hallowing for some fortunate Discovery. In this melancholy Situation they continued till Twilight grey,

Had in her sober livery all Things clad.

When *Alonne* and the Page climbing an Eminence, and having raised their Voices, *Alonne* hastened to inform the distressed *Claramond* that they had heard a shout answering them at some distance, the Page in the mean Time continuing his hola, ho, ho, hola.

This Forest belonged to the Seat where *Arnold* was visiting, and he being that very Day out a Stag Hunting, in the Eagerness of the Chace had out-rid his Servants, that hearing the Cries of the Page and *Alonne*, he concluded them to be some of his People, and galloped towards the Place whence the Sound came.

The Idea of *Arnold* was too strongly impressed on *Claramond*, not to know him, but, in her Fright, she imagined that her
Domes-

Domesticks had been practised with to betray her into the Hands of one, who, as yet must necessarily look on her as an inveterate Enemy, and this meeting in so strange a Place, had indeed some Air of a preconcerted Machination. The clashing Agitations of her Mind brought on some Symptoms of a *Syncopè*, on which *Alonne* cried for Assistance, and not having looked at *Arnold* with Attention enough to recal him, in the Heat of her Concern and Endeavours to bring her Lady to herself, she had several times uttered the Name of *Claramond*. The Paleness which veiled *Claramond's* Beauties did not hinder *Arnold* from knowing his favourite *Herman*, or rather from discerning that *Herman* was no other than *Claramond*; yet he doubted of the Identity of the Person, till plainly seeing *Fourbin* in *Alonne*, he was confirmed in the reality of the happy Occurrence. He took *Claramond* out of her Litter, and transported with Love, or perhaps as a Means for her Recovery, kissed her as if he meant to draw her Soul to her Lips. *Alonne*, who at first Sight had known *Arnold*, was overjoyed

joyed at these Effusions of his Tenderneſs, inſtead of oppoſing them; and by their joint Endeavours, ſhe had the Pleaſure of ſeeing her Lady revive. The ſubmiſſive Courteſy, the endearing Expreſſions of a Man, whom ſhe loved as much as ſhe thought herſelf deteſted by him, ſhed into her Heart Sensations too exquiſite for Deſcription, and *Arnold's* Paſſion ſeemed to have expelled his Reaſon; for drawing his Sword and Knight-like kiſſing the Blade, he preſented it to *Claramond*, with this romantic Speech: Madam, he who has offended you is unworthy of Pardon, of a favourable Look from thoſe heavenly Eyes: Life is a burden to me under your Hatred; now revenge yourſelf; if Heaven protected my Life from thoſe who ſought it to obtain you, it was that I might fall a happy Sacrifice by your Hands. Ah! ceaſe to raiſe any mournful or ſanguinary Ideas, answered *Claramond* not without Emotion; Ah! how changed is that Heart which once was ſet againſt you; thus ſhewing herſelf a praiſe-worthy Exception to the Imputation of the Poet:

Women

Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate,
 Their Love's insuperable as their Hate;
 No Merit their Aversion can remove,
 No ill Requital can efface their Love.

The two Lovers were happily interrupted in their Extasies by the coming of two of *Claramond's* Outriders, with Tydings that from a Height, which they pointed at, they had discovered a stately Seat not above two Leagues off, and there seemed something of a Road to the left, leading out of the Forest towards the Seat. Oh, says *Claramond*, let us drive thither before we are benighted, in *Provence* we cannot fail of a genteel Reception. This was an additional Joy to *Arnold*, who being something acquainted with the Country, knew this Seat must be his Relation's, there being no other of any Note for several Leagues; but this he kept to himself, least, on several Accounts, *Claramond* should not be prevailed on to put up there.

Accordingly, being arrived at the Seat, and seeing by the Reception of *Arnold* to whom it belonged, she shewed some Re-

luctance to go in, but the Servants representing that their Cattle were pretty much spent, and the Lady with the most persuasive Elegance joining her Invitations to *Arnold's* passionate Requests, she consented to take up her Lodging at the Seat.

Arnold's Thoughts were, the whole Night, conversant with his *Claramond*; for her alone will he live; now he hopes, then despairs; her coming under his Roof in Disguise, plunges him into an Abyss of Conjectures; at all Events, his Resolution is to follow her wherever she goes; perhaps she may relent; if otherwise, he would seek in the *German Wars* an honourable End of his Sufferings.

Claramond overjoyed to see that her Love met with such ardent Returns, indulged herself in the ravishing Prospect of that Felicity, which she concluded every succeeding Day would bring, in an Union with so accomplished a Person.

The next Morning she was for taking her leave; or at least made such a Feint, but *Berenice* the Lady of the Seat, who had perceived all her Cousin's Passion, prevailed with *Claramond* to stay a Day or

two with her, during which the happy *Arnold* obtained from her, that Avowal which raised him to the summit of Bliss; however, when he came to mention the sacred Junction, *Claramond* gave him to understand that she could accept no Hand without her Uncle's Approbation. Here *Arnold*, knowing *la Tournelle's* Temper, sunk again into his former Anxiety, which only hastened his Happiness; for *Claramond*, wrought on by his Melancholy and Intreaties, and the Persuasions of the elegant *Berenice*, agreed to a private Marriage. With this happy Pair immersed in the sweetest Sympathy of mutual Love, ten Days fled like a momentary Vision. As a longer stay might produce Suspicions, *Claramond*, sad Separation! continued her Journey to her Uncle's.

La Tournelle not knowing what had passed, received his Niece with great Joy and Affection; and she, after entertaining him with the news of *Bagnieres*, as all Places of such Resort afford plenty of Chit Chat, laid hold, as she imagined, of a favourable Interval of good Humour, to intimate a Reconciliation with *Arnold's*

Family; that Name awakening her Love, she added such high Commendations of *Arnold*, that *la Tournelle* interrupted her with harsh Language, charging her with betraying the Honour of their Family; But when he came to hear that she had stopt at a Relation's of *Arnold*, and in the amplifying Speech of Fame, had staid there a full Fortnight, his Anger increased, he even threatned her with Death; afterwards thinking that such Threatnings would put her on stealing away from the House, he confined her to an Apartment, not seeing her himself, nor allowing any other, but they to whose Custody she was committed.

Alonne, however, found means to advise *Arnold* of the melancholy Situation of his Spouse, and even, by the Connivance of two Domestics, to come to the Speech of *Claramond*, whose Sweetness of Manners had overcome the Rudeness of those Men, that they easily listened to *Alonne's* Cajo-leries; which, indeed, were enforced by some Louis; at last they went so far as to offer a Rescue, should it even be at the Expence of their Master's Life; being engaged

engaged to serve him as far as Reason and Honour allowed, but not to be the Tools of his Cruelty. This Offer, which a thousand others would have made no Scruple of, *Claramond* declined, thanking them for their good Will; but, added she, though my Uncle's Treatment of me, be none of the best, I cannot concur in an Offer, which may indanger his Life. *Arnold's* Love was not less inventive than *Alonnie's* Zeal, in a Letter dictated by the most cordial Affection and Grief, and brought to his Lady; he assured her that he would soon deliver her, or lose his Life in the Attempt: Her Answer breathed the like Tenderness, concluding with Intreaties to forbear all violent Measures, as the bare Thoughts of it threw her into an Agony; and if she had any Influence with him, to wait and receive from Time, what he was for obtaining by uncertain Force.

In the mean Time, *Mausfroy*, still intent on his fixed Design of shewing his high Esteem for *Arnold*, understanding what had been done at *la Tournelle's*, and the Cause of his brutal Rigour, generously departed from all Pretensions to the lovely

Claramond, and employed every Mean for her Deliverance; Gentleness and Reasonings meeting with an abrupt Repulse, he openly declared to *la Tournelle*, that he would make it his Business to ruin him in every Shape; in his Substance, his Interest at Court, and the Esteem of all Men of Honour.

Arnold, who looked on *Claramond's* Intreaties, as proceeding only from Female Timidity, often alarmed at Shadows, continued his Preparatives for the Enterprize; and *Maufroy* to make good one part of his Promise, raises his Friends and Vassals.

La Tournelle alarmed at the League formed against him, and conscious of his Inability to withstand such Leaders animated by Love and Gratitude, had recourse to Artifice, feigning a Disposition for the Reconcilement of the Families, and besides setting *Claramond* at Liberty, and palliating his Insolence with a Pretence of Concern for her Welfare, and the Honour of the Family, invited *Maufroy* to an Interview. He expressed himself as wearied with this long Quarrel, which had been fatal to so many worthy Persons,

Persons, and that he was of an Age to which Peace and Tranquillity were most suitable; he carried his Diffimulation so far as to intimate, that he could wish, the Cement of the Reconciliation were a Match between *Arnold* and *Claramond*. *Maufroy*, though ignorant of the sacred Tye, which now united them, being no Stranger to their reciprocal Love, laid aside his just Resentment, and engaged to *la Tournelle*, that *Arnold* should make a formal Demand of *Claramond* in Marriage; this Overture the Uncle seemed gladly to close with, and what Joy this imparted to the Bride and Bridegroom, may easily be conceived, as thus their Nuptials would be celebrated by the two reconciled Families, and spread Harmony and Repose through a Country, which for Ages had been a Scene of Enmity and Commotions.

No Person could be a more proper Representative of *Arnold*, to make this Demand, than the generous *Maufroy*, who had moved it and brought the News of it to *Arnold*; accordingly he hastened back from his Seat to that of *la Tournelle*, with a gay Retinue, expressive of his Commis-

sion. The Demand being agreed to, *Arnold* sent circular Letters to his Relations and Friends, desiring their Company at *Beau Sejour*, *la Tournelle's* Seat, on the Day appointed for the Ceremony.

The sanguinary Uncle, whilst he kept his Niece under such unjust Confinement, had employed both the Dagger and Poison against the Life of a Man; *whom, taken for all in all, you should not see his Fellow*, but all his Devices failing, he conceived the horrid Design of making his Niece's Marriage subservient to his Rancour, and effecting Destruction under the Veil of Festivity.

He caused to be mined a spacious Hall in which the Ceremony was to be performed, and thus at one Explosion to cut off the whole opposite Family, involving in the Ruin his own, except three Persons, to whom he intended a Signal that they should withdraw on some private Business he had to communicate to them. But such enormous Crimes Heaven seldom permits, and when the vile Projector imagines his Hopes full blown, blasts them, and brings his dark Schemes to Light.

The

The Miner whom he had hired was a Foreigner, and had served in *Italy* under *Maufroy*. This Work from the Secrecy observed in it, he surmised could be to no good purpose, and seeing his former Captain come and go, he took an Opportunity of making himself known, and acquainted him with the Work he was carrying on. Words are wanting to express the Emotions, which such an infernal Plot raised in the generous Heart of *Maufroy*. After recovering from his Amazement, he immediately sent Notice of this happy Intelligence to *Arnold*, who was no less expeditious in desiring his Relations, though without particularising the Cause, to suspend any further Preparatives, there being an Emulation among them in the Splendor of their Figure, as the most expressive token of Joy, at an Event so pregnant with private and public Felicity; but withal to repair to his Seat, as on a common Visit. Here he opened to them the direful mystery of Malice, and on consulting what Measures were to be taken, it was agreed to leave the whole to *Arnold*; he signified that they should go

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separately to *Beau-Sejour* and there the Curtain should be drawn up in the Presence of the Criminal himself. *La Tour-nelle* little dreaming that his Machinations had taken air, received them severally with the warmest Demonstrations of gladness, and leading them into the mined Hall, addressed himself to the brilliant Company in these Words: This is the Place where the impatient Haughtiness of two Women gave Birth to that Enmity which so long inflamed two illustrious Families; and this is the Place where I hope it will soon be brought to an everlasting Period. Never was Company so welcome here, the sight transports me so that I cannot forbear playing the Boy and shedding Tears.

The Truth of what you say, answered *Arnold*, is not in the least questioned, and the meaning of your Professions we understand beyond what you think. The Plot is discovered; you have attempted my Life by Means quite unworthy any thing of a Gentleman; yet satisfied with their Miscarriage, I only reasoned calmly with you in Letters; I never exposed
your

your Infamy; but, at present, when your inhuman Rancour would discharge itself on many worthy Persons drawn hither by the exalted Pleasure which rises in all good People, at seeing Discords and Hostilities happily composed, I cannot conceal how much I am hurt by the turpitude of your last Treachery; not one here but knows it, that concealment is now impossible, and from my near Affinity to you, I must be involved in the Disgrace. But as what is done cannot be recalled, and the Decision is left to me, I request all who hear me to forgive you, and like that God on whom we all depend, and without whose Forgiveness, woeful is our State, to accept of your sincere Repentance as an expiation of your Guilt.

La Tournelle at first was seized with all the Terrors of condemned Guilt, but finding from *Arnold's* last Words, that he to whose Arbitrage the Issue had been left, pardoned him, and even became his Intercessor, he recovered his Spirits, and with a placid Countenance offered the following Apology: How afflictive the loss of Persons with whom we are connected by Blood
and

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and steady Friendship is, and how difficult to be forgotten can be judged of only by those to whom Nature has given delicate Sentiments; with fordid Souls void of Sensibility, the Death of their Friends of whatsoever Nature, makes but a slight Impression, and if they remember it, it is with Indifference;

A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence,
And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.

supported by this principle of Zeal for Family-honour and resentment for slaughtered Friends, whatever you determine I shall meet with the same Courage which prompted me to generous Revenge; I say generous, for if I called in illicit Means, it was not till the more honourable had failed; Honour suggested to me that to live and see my Enemies triumphant and exulting in the Ruins of my Family argued Degeneracy; my Duty to those who had nobly fell in the Family's Cause enjoined me, to pursue to Death the proud Victors; this Duty perhaps, I may have carried to an Extreme; but Heaven did not second my Will; and now, since
it

it has so signally traversed my Revenge, I this Day, Gentlemen, before Heaven and before you, renounce all vindictive Thoughts and Procedures; and here I stand calm and sedate, the Object either of your Justice or Clemency.

The Indignation of the Assembly was turned into Astonishment, yet some apprehending this Speech to procede only from his Situation, moved to put a final End to the whole by his Death. *Claramond*, who, from Affection to her Uncle as incurring a capital Punishment and from Horreur of the Design, had fainted away at the Notice of it, hesitated about speaking for him, lest some of the sanguine, strangers to her transcendent Character, should suspect her of being an Accomplice; yet the Goodness of her Heart took the ascendant over those Fears and all the personal Injuries she had sustained. After a Preamble on the Beauty of Clemency and the Acceptableness of it to the divine Being, in whose Hands are our Misery and Bliss; she added, I should be wretched indeed, did not I promise myself that your Clemency will prevail with you
above

above your Resentment however just; and that, by thus forgiving my Uncle, you will extinguish in his Heart that Hatred which the loss of so many Persons so dear to him had kindled. You will kindly consider that Consanguinity enjoins me to intercede for him, or rather renders me answerable for whatever may befall him on this Occasion. If I cannot obtain Favour for him, I disclaim all Favour to myself; for be it known, I am little less guilty than he; not of this last Machination, to which I was an utter Stranger, but for having lived three Months under *Arnold's* Roof disguised both in Name and Cloathing, with a View of taking away his Life. Of this Crime I accuse myself and am prepared to share my Uncle's Fate. Having partaken of the most happy Circumstances of his Life, I will not forsake him in the most Afflictive.

From the unnatural Rigour with which *la Tournelle* had treated his Niece, it was the general Belief, that if she had not inflamed the Company against him, at least not a Word would have come from her in his Behalf. The nobleness of such a

Con-

Conduct so charmed the whole Assembly, that all thoughts of Justice and Vengeance were dropped, and *la Tournelle* was looked on rather as misled by false Principles than internally depraved and malevolent. He of all others least expected such a warm Advocate in his Niece, that for some time he was motionless with Surprise and Rapture. Tenderly weeping over *Claramond*, he exclaimed against the wrong Ideas of Honour which had incited him to such unjustifiable Harshness; his last detestable Conspiracy, for so he himself called it, he begged might be blotted out of all Remembrance. He vowed an unreserved Friendship to the whole Company, and Experience shewed the reality of his Repentance, doing many kind Offices by his interest with the Great, and ever delighting in giving Proofs of his tender Regard for *Arnold* and his Niece, whose Nuptials were celebrated with all the Rejoicings used in those times.

From hence let fierce contending Nations know
What dire Effects from civil Discords flow;
'Tis this which fill the Country with Alarms
And fertile *Gallia* wastes by *Gallie* Arms:

Hence

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Hence Tumult, Fraud and Cruelty and Strife,
And clashing Youths untimely end their Life.

Thanks to my Stars, cried *Melesina*, that we live in more humane Times, when these private Combats are suppressed; that was a most horrid practice for Families to butcher one another so.—Fair Lady, continued *Lucilius*, Combats were not only the recourse of impatient Revenge; but in the North whence the Custom was derived, they were allowed as the surest Means of rightly determining any Differences: those Nations from their wrong idea of Providence, concluded that he must be in the right to whom God granted the Victory; and many were the Laws * regulating these judicial Combats, as those of——No more of Combats or Laws, I pray, interrupted *Portius*, I perceive

The timely dew of sleep,
Now falling, with soft slumbrous Weight inclines
Our Eye-Lids.

* A Law perfectly of a Piece with the Wisdom of those times was: That if a Combatant was found to have any Herbs fit for Inchantment about him, they were taken from him, and he was sworn not to use any.

As

As the indisposition of *Ausonius* has deprived us of the Entertainment he proposed for us To-night, I must, said *Melesina*, insist that before any thing else comes on the Carpet, *Portius* shall give us his Account of that strange Custom of judicial Combats, as he called them. No Objection being offered, he began: *Frotho*, yet was he styled the *Pacific*, enacted,

First, That no Differences should be decided by Oaths, Pledges or Recantations.

Secondly, All Differences to be decided by the Sword, for Strokes become a Man better than Invectives.

Thirdly, A Combatant putting his Foot out of the Line marked for the Combat, to lose his Cause, as if overcome.

Fourthly, A private Man having a Quarrel with a Fighter by Profession, may Fight in Armour, the other to use only a Bludgeon. He from whom Blood was first drawn lost his Cause, but some Cases required the Death of one of the Parties. He who failed making his Appearance at the Time appointed was accounted vanquished, and ever after held infamous. But the most exact Care was
taken

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taken that both Sides should be on an equal footing, and the want of Skill or Strength was made up by the Nature of the Weapons. We also learn from our celebrated *Montesquieu*, that before the Combat the Magistrates ordered that the Relations of the Parties should withdraw, the People observe a profound Silence, and no Assistance be given to either Party under severe Penalties, or even Death, if, by means of that Assistance, the other Combatant lost the Day. A Gentleman challenging a Villain could fight him only in the manner allowed to Villains, stripped to his Shirt and with Bludgeon and Buckler. No judicial Combat could be fought by Parties under fifteen Years of Age. To give the Ladies some idea of these Encounters and the Jousts, especially as practised in modern Ages, the following Lines are the best which at present occur.

The Challenger with fierce D efie	}
His Trumpet sounds, the Challeng'd makes	
reply ;	
With Clangour rings the Field, resounds the	}
vaulted Sky.	

Their

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Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Rest,
 Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest;
 They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,
 And, Ipurring, see decrease the middle Space.
 A Cloud of Smoak envelops either Host;
 And all at once the Combatants are lost:
 Darkling they join adverse and shock unseen:
 Coursers with Coursers jussling, Men with Men.
 As lab'ring in Eclipse a while they stay,
 Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day:
 They look anew: the beauteous Form of Fight
 Is chang'd, and War appears a griesly Sight.
 Two Troops in fair Array one Moment shew'd,
 The next a Field, with fallen Bodies strow'd:
 Nor half the number in their Seats are found;
 But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground.
 The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,
 The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.
 The Knights unhors'd on Foot renew the Fight,
 The glittering Falchions cast a gleaming Light:
 Halberts and Helms are hew'd with many a
 Wound;
 Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the
 Ground.

After all, these Customs were originated
 from the Ignorance, Superstition and fero-
 cious Courage of those times, especially in
 the northern Nations, who punished all
 Crimes

Crimes, only pecuniarily, Cowardise and Treachery excepted, which were capital; but of this Courage a very remarkable Instance occurs in a *Danish* Chronicle; and, as I suppose, my Story will be expected, in the absence of our Author, I shall relate it.

Harald Blue-Tooth, King of *Denmark*, who lived about the Middle of the tenth Century, having founded on the Coast of *Pomerania* which had been brought under his Dominion, a Town called *Julin* or *Jomsbourg*, sent thither a Colony of *Danes*, under the Command of *Palnatoko* a famous Warriour, who in imitation of *Lycurgus*, made of his Town a second *Lacedemon*, the scope of every Institute and Custom being to form Soldiers. It was strictly forbid so much as to mention the Word Fear, even in the most perillous Enterprises. A Freeman of *Julin* never considered Number, but fought intrepidly against Multitudes, and the View of inevitable Death, was no excuse for Complaint or Tergiversation. The above Legislator had, in reality, extinguished among the Majority of his Pupils, all remains.

mains of that Sentiment so universal and strong, the Dread of our Destruction; and now to the Instance of their inflexible Courage; some *Jomsbourgers* having made an Irruption into a neighbouring Territory, were surpris'd, and being made Prisoners, Sentence of Death, according to the Custom of those Ages, was pass'd on them; this, so far from dejecting them, was matter of Joy. The first brought to Execution, without changing Colour or betraying the least Sign of Disorder, said with a resolute Voice: 'Why should not I fare as my Father? he dyed and now 'it is my Turn.' A Warriour of the Name of *Tborebill* who performed the fatal Office, asking the Second how he liked the Sight of Death, answered: 'The Laws of *Jomsbourg*, are too well fixed in my Heart that I should say a Word which savoured of fear of any thing you can do to me.' The Third to the like Question made Answer; 'I rejoyce to dye Soldier like, especially after the Infamy of being surpris'd: I would not exchange my Death for *Tborebill's* ignominious Life.' The Answer of the Fourth was

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was still more remarkable: 'I cheerfully
 ' submit to Death; this is a welcome
 ' Hour; all I ask of you is to sever my
 ' Head as quick as possible; for we often
 ' used to debate at *Jomsbourg*, whether any
 ' Consciousness remains after the Head is
 ' off. Now I take this Knife, and if after
 ' my Head is severed, I point it at you,
 ' let that indicate that Life is not totally
 ' gone; if I drop it, it will prove the
 ' contrary. So now, determine the Ques-
 ' tion.' *Thorebill* immediately gave the
 Stroke and the Knife dropped. The Fifth,
 shewed the same Composure, or rather dyed
 with a Vein of Pleasantry. The Sixth,
 asked *Thorebill* to behead him forward. 'I
 ' will not stir, added he, nor so much as
 ' wink; we *Jomsbourgers* are never known
 ' to shew any Dread, or shrink at the
 ' Stroke of Death, it is what we used to
 ' practise with one another;' and *Thorebill*
 complying, he received the Blow as he had
 said. The Seventh, was a Youth of ex-
 traordinary Beauty, with long auburn
 Tresses waving on his Shoulders: Him
 also *Thorebill* asked what he thought of
 Death. 'I cannot but be pleased with
 ' it,

‘ it, answered he, having discharged the
 ‘ greatest Duty of Life, and seen those die
 ‘ whom I must not survive; I have indeed
 ‘ one Request, that no Slave touch my Hair,
 ‘ and save it from being besmeared by my
 ‘ Blood.’ This contempt of Death was
 so general among the antient *Scandina-*
vians, that a *Roman* Historian says: ‘ The
 ‘ Philosophy of the *Cimbrians* is sprightly
 ‘ and courageous; they go to Battle with
 ‘ Exultation, that they are quitting the
 ‘ World in so glorious a manner; whereas,
 ‘ if taken with Sickness they lament that
 ‘ their End should be so miserable and
 ‘ ignominious.’ Illustrious Warriours,
 when in a lingering Disease, made use
 of what Strength remained in seeking a
 more glorious Exit, some caused them-
 selves to be carried to Places where fight-
 ing was going forward, and there died
 Sword in Hand; some made their way
 out of the World by their own Hands;
 many chose that this horrid Office should
 be performed for them by their best
 Friends, who accounted it a sacred Duty*;
 and

* An *Islandic* History, affords a Passage shewing
 the Notion of Suicide which prevailed among the
 antient

and when by the introduction of Christianity these savage Customs came to be proscribed, it was not uncommon for a Warriour of Distinction, at the Approach of Death, to order himself to be armed Cap-a-Pie, as a kind of Protestation against that vulgar kind of Death, to which in the want of one more honourable, he with reluctance submitted. I could wish, continued *Portius*, that our Holy Religion had so effectually taken place as to extirpate all homicidal Ceremonies, but did you never read Saint *Foix's Essais Historiques*? he tells you that no longer ago

antient northern People. There is, says he, a Mountain in *Iceland*, a Peak of such a Height, that to fall from it is certain Death. This, on some sudden Calamity, is the usual Resource; our Ancestors took this way of going to *Odin*. [i. e. *Woden*.] thus preventing the scandalous debility of inactive Age or Sickness. *Procopius* mentions the like Custom among the *Herulians*, 'a Person arrived at such a term of Life, or under a Disease apparently irrecoverable, was obliged to 'desire a near Relation to dispatch him.' *Procop. Gotb.* I. 11. c. 14. And *Silius* speaks thus of a southern Nation, the antient *Spaniards*.

Contemning Death, ev'n oft preventing Fate,
When Age unfits them for the martial Strife
Their own Hand frees them from an useless Life,
than

than the fourteenth Century, the Houses of Bishops and Abbots, and many Convents had Yards appropriated for Duels; that Absolution and the Communion were given to two Men who were going to cut each other's Throats; and ecclesiastical Lords conferred Freedom on any Villain who had fought three successful Bouts for them; that is, who had killed or knocked on the Head three Men for their fakes; but the Drolery was, that, at the same time, the Dignitaries of the Church exclaimed against second Marriages, anathematized and annulled Marriages between Relations, even to the seventh Generation; and for a married Couple to be admitted to the Sacrament, it was required, that they should not have lived as such for at least a Week before. Well, so much for Duellists and Churchmen, interrupted *Arietta*, it is high time for me to signify to the Company, that *Aufonius* nominated me as his Representative for this Night; I have not indeed racked my Brains about furnishing the Entertainment, he having given it me ready to my Hands in the following

VOL. I.

H

Letter,

Letter, which it seems is from a *Spanish*
Bishop,

Most illustrious and mistaken, Sir.

‘ **W**HEN I sat down to Answer
‘ your Letter, I believe, I kept
‘ my Pen over the Paper a full half
‘ Hour, debating with my Friendship for
‘ you and the Gravity becoming my
‘ Function, whether I should answer, or
‘ keep Silence; for the former our long
‘ Acquaintance pleaded strongly; and to
‘ the latter the Impropriety, not to say
‘ the unpoliteness of your Letter, had
‘ nearly determined me. Yes, Sir, I have
‘ read your Letter, and cast an Eye on
‘ the three Pictures, with which it was
‘ accompanied. Such I assure you was
‘ my Indignation at the Sight of them,
‘ though mixed with some Concern at your
‘ Weakness, that had you not, besides
‘ our Affinity, been my old and staunch
‘ Friend, so far from sending you an
‘ Answer, I would peremptorily have
‘ broke off all Connections with you.
‘ With generous Hearts a single Ounce of
‘ genuine Friendship, outweighs whole
‘ Quintals

Quintals of Consanguinity; one is found-
 ed on rational Choice, the other merely
 owing to Chance. If a Grudge arises
 among Relations it is prosecuted with
 unrelenting Acrimony, and not soon
 brought to an amicable Period; whereas
 on a Misunderstanding between two real
 Friends, neither can be easy till recon-
 ciled. *Pisistratus* a King of the *Atbe-*
nians, though by Usurpation, writ the
 following Letter to *Thrasyllus*, a Nephew
 of his, who had joined in a Conspiracy
 against him. “ You should have re-
 membered, not that you were brought
 up under my Roof; not that we are
 both of one Blood; not that I admitted
 you to familiar Conversation with me;
 not that I intrusted you with my Se-
 crets; not that I gave you my Daugh-
 ter in Marriage, and at the same time
 half my Personal Estate, to gratify
 your Juvenile Love of Splendor. But
 what you should have remembered is,
 that I loved you as a Friend, and treated
 you as my own Son. Whereas you
 turn out a Traitor, you are engaged in

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“ a Plot, of all Things the least expected
 “ from you, and as little deserved :

Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
 Where Trust is greatest, and the Soul resigned
 Is stabbed by its own Guards.

“ For which Reason I could wish to pre-
 “ vail with myself, that as I renounce all
 “ kindred with you, I could in like man-
 “ ner dissolve my Fidelity ; but to this I
 “ have not been able to bring myself; the
 “ Blood which I have in common with
 “ you, I can let it out, as it runs only
 “ in the Veins ; but my Affection to-
 “ wards you, is immoveable, being seated
 “ in the Heart.” ‘ This Instance I
 ‘ thought proper to remind you of, that,
 ‘ as you like *Thrasyllus* have offended me,
 ‘ I will imitate *Pisistratus* in forgiving you;
 ‘ for, though our Affinity be of little Weight
 ‘ with me, to our long Friendship I pay
 ‘ the highest regard, with me it preponde-
 ‘ rates against all Things. To come to
 ‘ the Point, it is now, noble Sir, eighteen
 ‘ Days since I received your Letter here at
 ‘ *Grenada*, and with it came some Pictures
 ‘ finely

' finely executed, and in very rich Frames;
 ' you desire to know of me the meaning
 ' of those Pictures, whom they represent;
 ' to which Cavalier like, you are pleased
 ' to add an Oath or two, that they stood
 ' you in no small Sum, and that you
 ' place a great Value on them; to this, I
 ' answer, that whatever Value you may
 ' place on them, I place none at all, and
 ' further declare, that, in buying what
 ' you had no Knowledge of, you shewed
 ' no great Wisdom, and if you had
 ' known what you was buying, you are
 ' of a vitiated Taste, I will not say de-
 ' bauched; not that your Fault does not
 ' deserve such a Term, harsh as it is,
 ' but because it does not comport with
 ' Manners; your Youth, your scanty
 ' Knowledge, and little Experience in the
 ' World, extenuate in some Measure, both
 ' the Guilt of purchasing such Pictures,
 ' and your Rudeness towards me: For to
 ' tell you the Truth, I know not which
 ' was greater, my Resentment or Shame,
 ' that you should send to me for an Ex-
 ' planation of this Nature. As a Religious
 ' by Habit, as a Gentleman by Birth, as

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' a Divine by Profession, as a Preacher
 ' by Office, as a Bishop by Dignity; it
 ' little becomes me to bestow my Thoughts
 ' and Words on such Vanities; for the
 ' good Man is to shew himself such, not
 ' only in his Actions, but in his very
 ' Words, and even in what he gives At-
 ' tention to. *Diogenes* seeing a Scholar of
 ' his walking with a young Fellow of a
 ' very bad Character, asked him what
 ' they were talking of, or what Scheme
 ' they were upon; the Scholar answered, he
 ' was telling me that last Night, he had
 ' been on a very dangerous Frolick,
 ' which he was terribly afraid would
 ' come to Light; *Diogenes* hearing this,
 ' beckoned to the dissolute young Fellow
 ' to come up, and said to both, my
 ' Order is, that each of you shall pub-
 ' lickly receive forty Lashes, you for the
 ' Crime, and you for listening to the Tale;
 ' for the Philosopher who does not keep
 ' his Ears stopped, deserves no less than
 ' the Man of the World for not keeping
 ' his Hands quiet; now, Sir, I am at a loss,
 ' what Party to take; as you are my
 ' Friend I am inclined to comply with your
 ' Request,

' Request, on the other Hand, I dread
 ' the rigid *Diogenes*, who did he know on
 ' what you consult me, and my Answer to
 ' you, we could expect nothing less, than
 ' to be whipped and banished. At length,
 ' however derogatory it may be to my
 ' Gravity, and though not quite com-
 ' patible with the Purity of my State,
 ' I resolved to answer your Letter, and
 ' unfold to you the Mystery of your
 ' highly valued Paintings; at the same time
 ' protesting, that I do not this to please
 ' you, but to shame you, to convince
 ' you, that this your set of Pictures, in-
 ' stead of being placed over the Altars of
 ' Saints, are fit only to be seen in the
 ' Apartments of Profligates. In fine, the
 ' Pictures, you know, represent three
 ' Women of admirable Beauty, with these
 ' Names, St. *Lamia*, St. *Flora*, and St.
 ' *Lais*, and your Lordship would know,
 ' who those three sacred Beauties were,
 ' their Country, the Ages in which they
 ' flourished, where they died, and what
 ' Martyrdom they suffered, for it seems
 ' the place, where you have thought pro-
 ' per to hang them up, is no other than
 ' your

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your Oratory, where every Day you
never fail to say some *Ave Marias* before
them. Now I will condescend to your
Desire, though not without much Re-
luctance, Uneasiness, and Shame, not
so much on your Account, as of those
to whom you will shew this Answer, as
they one and all will say, and not with-
out some Colour, that you, Sir, are at
present wickedly inclined, and that I was
formerly little better.



REMARK-



REMARKABLE ACCOUNT
OF THREE
PROSTITUTES.

THIS *Lamia*, this *Flora*, this *Lais*, whom your Lordship, holds for Saints, were the three most beautiful, and most celebrated Prostitutes, which *Asia* ever produced, or *Europe* ever saw, and which have most employed the Pens of Writers; likewise for whom most Princes have plunged themselves into Ruin. Of these three, it is written, that no Beauty was wanting in them, and that besides their personal Allurements, they were incomparably skilled in Musick, had angelick Voices, dressed with exquisite Gracefulness, could vary their Looks at Pleasure, into Rage or Tendernefs, Anxiety or Wantonness, were perfect Mistresses of their Passions,

Antigonus, a General under *Alexander* the Great, and possessed of every military Quality, though with little good Fortune; all the Issue he left, was a Son called *Demetrius*, not indeed of so martial a Cast as his Father, though more fortunate, and would have made a very great Figure, had he in his Youth taken care to secure Friends, and in his advanced Age laid himself less open to Vices. This King *Demetrius* became enamoured with *Lamia*, and publickly kept her as his Mistress, with boundless Profusion. His Passion carried him to the most indecent Extremities, complying with every Humour of hers, and repudiating his lawful Wife *Euxonia*, a Lady of the greatest Merit; one Day this *Demetrius* asked *Lamia* what was most prevalent with Women? To which she answered, There is nothing which sooner hastens a Woman's Fall, than to see a Man of Merit really languishing for her; as to love Insignificants, is the way to become the public Jest; afterwards *Demetrius* put another Question to her, tell me, *Lamia*, what is that which Women most despise in Men?

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here her Answer was, A Man never renders himself so despicable in the Eyes of a Woman, as when he praises himself for what he never performed, and does not fulfil what he promises: Again *Demetrius* said, what is that which most Women value in Men? There is no Quality more endearing to our Sex, than Discretion in Words, and Secrecy in Actions. Another Time *Demetrius* asked her how Men came so frequently to be ill-married? To which she answered, There can be no happy Marriage, if the Woman has no Fortune, or the Husband no Sense. Another Question to her, was, why an Amour is but short-lived? To this she answered, The Reason is plain, the Gallant is lavish and the Doxy rapacious; it is not in Nature that Violence should last. Now *Lamia* what is the greatest Torture of a Person in Love?—The greatest Torture that can invade the Heart of a Man in Love, is not to be able to obtain his Desires; and to think that he may soon lose what he so eagerly enjoys. My last Question shall be, what is that which goes nearest to a Woman's Heart? To this she answered, There is nothing more

provokes a Woman, than to be called ugly, and to know that both her Person and Character are despised.

This *Lamia* was Mistress of a great deal of Wit, and a most insinuating Tongue, that they who could withstand the Charms of her Person, she drew in by her ensnaring Discourse; before giving herself up to *Demetrius*, who afterwards gave up all to her, she frequented the Academies of *Athens* to her own immense Advantage, but the ruin of many young Gentlemen. *Plutarch* relates in the Life of *Demetrius*, that the *Athenians* presenting him with two hundred Talents of Silver, for the Payment of his Forces, he gave every Drachm to his Charmer *Lamia*, without reserving a single Ounce for himself, to the great Displeasure of the *Athenians*; that, after pleading Necessity he should make such a scandalous use of their Donation. To express the Excellence of any thing he would compare it to *Lamia*, and instead of confirming any important Transaction with the usual Affeverations, as by his Gods, his Ancestors, his Son's Life, his Oath was, so may *Lamia* love me; so may she and I die together.

gether. However, about a Year and two Months before his Demise, he lost his dear *Lamia*, and such was his Grief at this Event, that at *Athens*, it was a disputed Point, which was most astonishing, Whis Grief, or the Expence of her Obsequies. This *Lamia* was a Native of *Argos*, and of such mean Parentage, that for some time, she wandered about *Asia* as a common Scrumper, and no less noted for her Effrontery, than her Beauty; at length dying in *Phenicia*, King *Demetrius* gave Orders for her Body to be buried under his Chamber Window; and a Favourite of his taking the Liberty to ask him, the meaning of so extraordinary a Proceeding, he made this Answer; she was so true to me, and I so passionately fond of her, that I know no other Way of gratifying my Passion, and making due Returns for her Fidelity, than by causing her to be deposited in a Place which every Day I can wet with my grateful Tears, and the Sight of it will renew her dear Remembrance in my Heart.

The second of the three Prostitutes mentioned above, was *Lais*, the Place of

her

her Birth the Island of *Bitbrita*, on the Coast of *Greece*; according to her Historians, she had for Father, the High Priest of the Temple of *Apollo* at *Delphos*, a Person, among other Acquirements celebrated for his magic Skill, and by this it was he accomplished the wished-for Destruction of his Daughter. This famous Wench was born in the Times of the renowned King *Pyrrhus*, a Prince as thirstily after military Reputation, as he was unsuccessful in preserving it. At the Age of only seventeen Years, he transported an Army into *Italy* against the *Romans*, and to him, the Writers of those Times, attribute the first Plan of Castrametation, drawing up of Armies in regular Array, and forming them into subordinate Divisions; as before his time, it seems, the Signal being given, they used to fall on in a Body, and engage *pele-mele*. She for sometime followed this Prince's Camp, both in his Expedition to *Italy*, and in his Return to *Greece*. And it is reported of her, that all who came up to her Price, were welcome to her, and that no Offers could confine her to any single Person. This *Lais* was so beautiful in her Person, and of so enchanting

a Behaviour, that would she have been less general in her Commerce, and attached herself to one Paramour, she might have had her choice of several Princes, who would gladly have purchased her Favours, at the Ruin of their Finances. *Lais* on her return to *Greece* from the Wars of *Italy*, took up her Residence at the City of *Corinth*, whither the Fame of her Beauty drew not only private Persons who abounded in Wealth, but even Princes and Kings became her Votaries. According to *Aulus Gellius*, the Silver-tongued *Demosthenes* took it into his Head, to go in Disguise from *Greece* to *Corinth*, to see this celebrated Creature, and harangue her into a Compliance; but she before his Admission over the Threshold, sent a Message requiring two hundred Silver Sesterces; *Demosthenes*, not a little out of Countenance, but being never at a loss for Words, answered, God forbid that *Demosthenes* should bestow his Substance or Person in what he will be sure to repent of! In this I fancy the disappointed Orator alluded to the saying of the Philosopher: *Quod omne animal post coitum tristatur* (that said *Arietta* is Latin, I suppose, which one of you Gentlemen will

be

be pleased to tell us its meaning; but none offering to shew their Scholarship on this Occasion, she went on) A Singularity is told of this same *Lais*, which as I never read of, so did I never see in any Woman; which is, that she never shewed any Love or Fondness for any one Man, yet no one admitted to a Familiarity with her, ever gave her an ill Word; surely this Girl must have been very fortunate, that nobody hated her, and she loved nobody. If *Lamia* was discreet, *Lais* certainly was no Fool, and if the former was acute, the latter was sharp, so as to exceed all of her Trade, preserving her Heart from the Indiscretions of Sensibility, and making the most of those of others. A young spark at *Corinth*, asking *Lais*, to instruct him how he should behave to a young Lady whom he was desperately in love with; says she, Tell her that you are in love with her, and that as she will not be pleased to answer your Passion, you request she will at least give you leave to go on loving her; if she consents, depend on it she is your own, for such is the Temper of us Women, if ever we give a kind Word to a Lover,

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it is because we have before given him our Hearts; one Day as some Company at her House were crying up the Wisdom and Virtue of the Philosophers at *Athens*, *Lais* said, I know nothing of all the profound Learning and the Doctrines of these Philosophers of yours; but this I know, and all *Greece* knows it, that, though I am a Woman, and never was at *Athens*, yet those Sages are here seen to dangle after me, and of Philosophers I make them Gallants, and not one of my Gallants did they ever make a Philosopher; a Gentleman of *Thebes* asking *Lais*, what measures a Man should take to gain a Woman whom he exceedingly loved, and thought to be a Woman of Virtue? He must follow her closely, consult her Inclinations, bear with her Sights, and seem for some time to neglect her; for a Woman of Virtue, when once her Heart has yielded, is infinitely more sensible of any Neglect, than of all the Respect, Obsequiousness, and Services in the World. Her Knowledge of her Sex rendered her as it were a Chamber Council for all Cases of Love and Matrimony. A Merchant
of

of *Achaia* consulted her, how he should act towards a Wife whom he suspected?— Let her conclude by your Behaviour that you have no such Suspicion, and at the same time artfully deprive her of the Opportunities of justifying your Suspicion; for if she comes to know that you see into her Wanderings, and dissemble, she will sooner die than mend; a Youth of *Palestine* desired her to tell him, what Course he should take with a Woman who rejected his Love, and with whom any Services he did were not thought worthy of Thanks? Should you, said *Lais*, drop your Services or Presents to her, do not let her perceive that you have given over loving her, for we Women, as we are very fond in our Love, so we stick at nothing in our Revenge*. Two female Neighbours of hers visiting her, one desired her Instructions for keeping her Daughter in the right Way, the

* What a Fiend is Passion, with what Madness,
What Tyranny untam'd, it reigns in Woman!
Unhappy Sex! each Gust of Inclination uncontroll'd,
Sweeps thro' their Souls and sets them in an Uproar,
And love in their weak Bosoms is a Rage
As terrible as Hate and as destructive.

best

might fix her Value, and be with the World what she pleased; *Lais* and *Flora* observed a very different Conduct, *Lais* would have the Sum agreed on paid down, before she permitted so much as kissing her Hand; whereas *Flora* indulged her Gallants to the Height of their Desires without any previous mention of Money or any other Gratuity; and being asked whether that was the Way to feather her Nest? she answered, I deal only with Persons of Rank, and they never fail to act honourably with me; I protest by my Patronness *Venus*, that never Man gave me less than I expected, and twice as much as I should have asked. Embassadors who resorted to *Rome* from all Parts of the World, at their return, made the Beauty and Magnificence of *Flora* one of the chief Subjects of their Discourse, as indeed the Lustre of her House, her numerous and splendid Retinue, the Train of Votaries continually bringing their rich Offerings to her Beauty, were not to be equalled in any other part of the World; *Flora* may be said ever to have had an Eye to the noble Blood that run in her Veins, and to the Dignity in which she was brought

brought up; for, though her Life was that of a Prostitute, she observed the ceremonial of a Sovereign Princess; at any time when she rode about *Rome*, the whole City was alive, flocking to see the Cavalcade, which afforded a Month's talk afterwards; the great Men who attended on her, the long suite of richly clad Servants following her, the Gallants about her, the splenetic Faces of Ladies looking at her, Foreigners admiring her with uplifted Hands, her Beauty and Dress, were copious subjects for every Tongue to descant on. *Flora* being in the decline of Life, a young *Corinthian* Gentleman made offers of Marriage to her, but was dismissed with this Answer, It is not *Flora* with her sixty Years, whom you are for marrying, but with the two Hundred thousand Sesterces which she has at Command; I ever knew when I was well, and my Dotage is not yet come; a Woman at my time of Life is more respected for her Money than for being married. The whole *Roman* Empire never knew a Courtesan, comparable to *Flora*; she was of a noble Birth, had a Face than which

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which nothing could be more beautiful, her Shape most elegant, her Stature and Carriage perfectly graceful, amorous without Lewdness, and generous without Profuseness; *Flora* spent the greatest Part of her Youth in *Africa*, *Germany*, and *Transalpine Gaul*, and as her Acquaintance lay entirely among the Noble and the Wealthy, she raised large Contributions both on the Civil and Military Classes. This Patriotic Lady, reached her sixty-sixth Year, and at her Death left the *Roman* State her sole Heir; and her Jewels and other Valuables being sold, the amount, together with her Cash, sufficed to rebuild all the Walls of *Rome*, and clear the public Debts. The Republic in commemoration of this Liberality, built at *Rome* a very superb Temple, giving it the Name of *Florianum*, and in it celebrated a yearly Festival on the Day of her Death; *Suetonius* tells us, that the first Festival the Emperor *Galba* celebrated at *Rome*, was that of *Flora*; a Festival indeed very suitable to such a Deity; the Men and Women being permitted to commit all kinds of Debaucheries, that they were held to observe the Day best,

who

who were most profligate. My Authorities for the Premises are *Pausanias* a Greek, and *Mamillus* a Latin Author; and now, Signior Don *Henry*, here is your Desire complied with, and your Pictures explained; and as you are yet a young Man, from the Knowledge I have of your Disposition, I take the Liberty to tell you a further Thought of mine, which is, that if these three Courtezans had lived in your Time, or you in theirs, you would have been better pleased with the Sight of their real Flesh and Blood, than with having their Pictures. It is not of to-day only, that I know, how after being at a Jubilee with Christian Females, you have been known to mingle with the *Morefco* Girls at their profane Solemnities; when a Child I remember you would accustom yourself to drink of all Waters, and at other times be as choice as if you was culling Pears. I own that it would better become me to have written the Lives of three Saints, than the Story of three Prostitutes; but such is my Regard for you, that to comply with your Desires, I have departed from the strict Sanctity

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of my Profession. With this I return you the Pictures, which if you have hitherto so much esteemed, I am inclined to think you will now place still a higher Value on them, for as the Exquisite-ness of the Painting will attract the Eyes of all who come into your Apartment, they will afford you an Opportunity of displaying your Erudition, in the History of the Subjects. So no more, but may the Lord have you in his holy keeping, and give me grace to serve him.

Granada seventeenth of May, 1531.

An edifying Story indeed! many Thanks to you good Mr. *Ausonius* for appointing me your Reader; it is to be hoped the next Time you will put something better into my Hands. After all that the Right Reverend Father has said of those three Courtezans, continued *Portius*, there was one *Pbryne* who would not have given the lead to any; being in her early Days brought to a Trial, and seeing Matters were going against her, she threw aside her Veil and exposed her Breast, which had such an Effect on the Court, that they could

could not find in their Heart to hurt such a beautiful Creature; and her Charms proved such a fund of Wealth to her that she offered to rebuild the Walls of the City of *Thebes*, if the Citizens would allow of an Inscription on them, that it was by *Phryne's* Munificence; but in this, their Magnanimity would not acquiesce. I think, said *Melesina*, we have had no disagreeable Gallimaufrey, but now, I move, that we may go and lose all Memory of Combatants, and Courtezans, in the Solacements of a sound eight Hours sleep.





MELCHU-KINA.

AUSONIUS's Mind had not been so depressed by his Indisposition as not to admit any chearful Imagery, and his Memory had employed itself in recollecting and arranging the following Narrative from a History of *Tartary*.

Among the *Tartars*, as in other Nations, there are Games and Entertainments adapted to the Temper of the People; most of them are known to dwell in large Camps, and like the *Arabians* of Mount *Carmel*, they despise the Confinement of Towns, pitching their Camps in fertile Plains, without Ditch, Entrenchments, or any other Means of Safety, than their Courage and Dexterity, and the Swiftmess of their Horses; *Abolida* a *Tartarian* Prince, was extremely fond of theatrical Entertainments, and kept a Company of Come-

Comedians whom the People could not sufficiently admire. *Abolida* thought otherwise of them; his discerning Genius towered above his uncultivated Nature, and pointed out to him gross Defects in those with whom his Countrymen were infatuated to Rapture, that disgusted with their vapid Performances, he made some other Provision for them; a Cousin of his, a Chief of another Band of *Tartars*, and of his Age and Taste, proposed to him for a while to quit their rude ambulatory Life, and go to *Pekin*, the Capital of the celebrated *Chinese* Empire; where, besides a Multitude of Enjoyments unknown to them, they should meet with Actors, such as the World could not parallel; *Mela-Kampo*, the Author of this Advice, was a young spirited Prince, vehement in his Passions, and a Philosopher only in point of Love, the Weaknesses of which he had carefully avoided. He represented to *Abolida* the important Services performed by him in the Conquest of *China*, and that the Prince then reigning honoured him with a particular Regard,

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which,

which, with the Love of Novelty, brought *Abolida* to a Compliance.

Having signified this Resolution to their Subjects, and committed the several Departments of the national Affairs to able Officers, they went to take leave of an aged Uncle of *Abolida's*, who reigned over the People of Mount *Kibamontok*, a Prince greatly venerated for his Wisdom; to him the neighbouring Princes referred their Contests, he was consulted in Declarations of War, and in Treaties of Peace; he had retired on this luxuriant Mountain, moving Encampments no longer agreeing with his advanced Age; his Pavillion was environed with the Tents of his Affectionate Subjects, which covered the Slope of the Hill on all Sides, and extended to no small distance in a delightful Plain. Plenty and Content reigned among them, their moderate Sovereign requiring from them no other Tribute than what sufficed for his Subsistence, and proper Maintenance of Royalty. His Maxim was, that though a Prince might be beyond the reach of Punishment, yet in squeezing his Subjects, to gratify his
Revenge,

Revenge, Pride, or any other Passion, he was the worst of Robbers, fleaing those whom he was under the most sacred Ties to preserve and cherish.

These Sentiments, and the Sight of the Felicity of his Subjects had so endeared him to the *Tartarian* Tribes, that the Dominions of the other Princes would have been drained of their Inhabitants, had he himself not put a stop to these Emigrations, by inflicting Penalties on those who forsaking their lawful Sovereigns, should settle within his Camp: The end of his Life was not wished for as a national Relief, on the contrary, his great Age was thought on with universal Concern, every little Indisposition spread Consternation amongst his Subjects, who would encourage each other in citing Instances of those who had lived to a much greater Age then their adored Monarch.

Abolida and *Mela-Kampo* came to the Mountain with a numerous Retinue, and it being known that *Abolida* was their Sovereign's Nephew, the People thronged about him, and with Shouts of Joy conducted him to the royal Mansion. *Abolida*,

who knew his Uncle's tender Friendship for him, had declined notifying to him his Departure, which, *Mela-Kampo*, being under no such Restraints made no difficulty of; and after a frugal Banquet with which the venerable Prince had entertained them, he declared to him that the end of this Visit was to take leave of him. The Sovereign of the Mountain knowing his Nephew's extreme propensity to Dissipation, concluded this to be the sole Motive of his Journey to *Pekin*, and foreseeing the Consequence of this Curiosity, he endeavoured to divert *Abelida's* Resolution. Dear Nephew, said he, you are going to a City, at the taking of which I assisted, and where indeed reign *Tartars* of the same Lineage as yourself; but alas! you little know how dangerous the Acquisition of a powerful Empire is to Virtue, and how much our Countrymen have degenerated, since they came to inhabit large pompous Cities; those Delights, which you are going in pursuit of among them, will spoil you no less than them; here you are a Sovereign, there amidst astonishing Glitter, Luxury and Profuseness,

ness, you will find yourself little noticed; and to make yourself less than you really are, you will stoop to be the Slave of him who is the Depositary of those false Brillants, which inevitably will dazzle your unexperienced Mind; and this Servitude, in itself very galling, will become familiar and easy to you; and even should the Weight of it, at any time, bear so hard upon you, as to appear insupportable, you will not be able to prevail upon yourself to shake it off; retain your Dignity, added the hoary Monarch, let your Subjects rejoice in your continual Presence, cause Quiet, Plenty and Justice, to flourish among them; the consequence of departing from your Duty only to please a vain Curiosity, can be no other than Disgrace and unprofitable Sorrow in your more advanced Years.

Abolida answered, with a blush, that he intended only a short stay at *Pekin*, whither he was going purely to know from his own Experience the Difference between that famous City, and the open Country to which he had been used, and whither he would soon return. *Mela-*

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Kampo little relishing this Conversation, interrupted it to take leave of the anxious Uncle, assuring him however that in a very short time, he would bring *Abolida* back to him. The two young Princes overjoyed to have got over this Difficulty, set out with all the alacrity of Youth, and having passed that stupendous Wall which the *Chinese* had ineffectually built to check the Incursions of the *Tartars*, they arrived at *Pekin*. This City is indisputably the largest and most populous in the World, and though in several Parts were still to be seen the ruinous Effects of War, of the Resistance of the Besieged, and the Rage of the Conquerors, the Court was numerous, and the Concourse of *Tartarian* Princes who came to rejoice over such an important Conquest, restored in a great Measure all its former Splendor and Magnificence.

Mela-Kampo having waited on the Emperor, who received him with the Regard due to his Merit; he the next Day introduced *Abolida*; and these two Princes being of the *Tamerlane* Race, of which the Emperor also gloried in being a Branch, were
invested

invested with the yellow Sash, a Distinction granted only to Princes of the Blood.

Having gone through all the ceremonial Visits, now said *Abolida*, it is time to please ourselves; and I expect you will carry me to those Entertainments of which you have said so much. In these Countries, the Priests have stated Days for particular Ceremonies, which bring all the People about them, and consequently many Offerings and Gifts. The Bonzes, of all Men the most superstitious and greedy, even in those early Times used to exhibit Masques, which have since been condemned by all Foreigners who have seen them, and were censured by the sensible *Chinese*, as a scandalous Medley of Religion and Buffoonery.

This sort of Exhibitions wanting Variety, fell short of *Abolida's* Expectation, but he hoped for a complete Gratification, when the Emperor's Company should perform; this consists of the best Comedians throughout all *China*, and among them, contrary to the Custom of the Country, were several Women chosen for their Beauty; a Singularity which filled
their

their Theatre with the young Quality of both Sexes belonging to the Court of *Pekin*. At length, the long expected Day came, and it was known every where that the Emperor's Players were that Day to act before him a Piece, the Scenes of which were a successive Description of the several Victories gained by the *Tartars* over the *Chinese*; great were the Preparations made on this Occasion. The Emperor's Throne shone every where with wrought Gold and Gems, and on his Robes and Crown every choice Jewel displayed, as it were, an emulous Lustre; the Princes and Officers were in Dresses suitable to the magnificence of their Sovereign. *Abolida*, who hitherto had seen only Tents, Cattle, and Arms, was overcome with this Radiancy, and as his wise Uncle had foreseen, immediately conceived a fixed Disgust to Tents and a wandering Life. The Play began, but he was too much dissipated to take any great Notice of it, his Eyes roved over all parts of the Theatre, and the various Decorations absorbed him in Wonder, which *Mela-Kampo* observed with the highest Pleasure.

Abolida's

Abolida's Astonishment now beginning to subside, he promised himself an additional Entertainment from the Actors; when behold appears an Object which engrossed his whole Attention; this was an Actress of a most soft Beauty, the Splendor of her Dress, the Power of her Action, and the Magnificence which every where environed her, so heightened her natural Charms, that *Abolida's* Admiration of the Theatre was now lost in Desire. The *Tartars* are impetuous in their Love, and would have Fruition immediately answer Ardour; the young Prince accordingly opens his rising Passion to *Mela-Kampo*, urging him to put him in a way of being soon happy; I perceive, answered he, that you little know whom you love. *Melcbu-Kina*, this bewitching Actress, appears in Public, ‘ and shews ‘ her Face and Feet *. Yet is not her Favour easily obtained, for if she has a large share of Beauty, she has still more Pride, or rather Insolence; her Birth is so mean, that a Place which would disgrace others, does Honour to her; yet has

* A *Tartarian* Expression denoting an immoral Woman.

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Ambition inspired her with Sensibility and a versatile Genius, besides the Instructions which she has received from one of the most compleat Performers in her way.

When the Entertainment was over, the impatient *Abolida* asked his Cousin, whether he did not know any Person, who could give him some Account of *Melchu-Kina*? That nobody can do better than myself, answered *Mela-Kampo*; I have every Circumstance of her Life from a young Officer, who served under me, and was her first Gallant; then, replied *Abolida*, delay not to comply with my Request; till that enchanting Creature is in my Arms I shall not have a Moment's Quiet, and surely from my Rank, I need not fear a Repulse.

Melchu-Kina is of an Origin so obscure, began *Mela-Kampo*, that her Parents have never been heard of; being under a necessity of going to Service, she cast about for a Place which would afford some Prospect of a more advantageous Situation, and pitched on a gaming House at *Pekin*, to which resorted the richest Idlers of the City.

City. Her Beauty contributed greatly to increase the Perquisites of her Office, that her Country home-spun Garments were soon laid aside for fashionable Dresses, which inforced her Allurements, and the Master of the House felt the Influence of them; but the jealous and enraged Mistress was continually at her Elbow: This, to one of her mercurial Temper, was a Constraint, that she resolved at any rate to get rid of. A Gamester, not less noted for his Losses than for some Talents very rare among the *Chinese*, frequented the House in which *Melchu-Kina* lived, on him she cast her Eyes for her Deliverer; the mature Age of this Man, who was distinguished by the Apellation of the *old Gamster*, seemed to warrant his Discretion, and she was for being virtuous, till it was her Advantage to be so no longer. The old Gamester less discreet than she thought, had also his Designs on her, so that an Agreement between two equally desirous of each other's Acquaintance, could not be long in Hand. He proposed to *Melchu-Kina* that she should be his Housekeeper, and, in return for her several Services,

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Services, besides a pecuniary Allowance, he would instruct her how to rise in the World.

These Preliminaries being settled, *Melchu-Kina* left her first Master, and the Gamester exulting in the Thoughts of having under his Roof, the Prey which he had so long been prouling after, soon was for making fresh Overtures, but very contrary to *Melchu-Kina's* Drift; accordingly she rejected them with much Firmness and Disdain, as, if she accepted his Offers, it would be nothing less than wilfully ruining herself; and that to be the House-keeper to a needy morose old Man, would be the utmost boundery of her Fortune. He importunately renewed his Proposals, and she no less pertinaciously persisted in her Denial; on this he shut her up in a Garret where all Communication was cut off, and with a scanty Pittance of Victuals, telling her she must hope for nothing better, till she thought fit to alter her Mind with respect to him.

Melchu-Kina was at first inclinable to put an end to such harsh Treatment by her Compliance; but the Hope of a great For-

Fortune, though then merely visionary, buoyed her up against her rigid Persecutor, and having held out seven or eight Days, she formed a settled Resolution of dying, rather than conform to the Inclinations of a Man, who kept her under such Hardships; the old Gamester more and more exasperated at *Melcbu-Kina's* Inflexibility, every Day made some abatement in her Allowance, and on her complaining, that was the Way to starve her to Death, he flatly told her, she must expect nothing better, till she consented to be the Partner of his Bed.

The dread of Death, as quashing all her brilliant Schemes, was near getting the better of her Resolution, when she was happily relieved by an Assistance, little expected; the Son of a Subaltern in my Troops, added *Mela-Kampo*, whom I have since promoted, being a good Soldier, had come to *Pekin*, to try if he could not mend his Circumstances, and get into something of a more comfortable Post than that he held under me.

He happened to take up his Quarters in a House joining to that of the old
Game-

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Gamester, and unluckily for this Fellow, in a Chamber, separated only by a slender Wall from that where he kept his beautiful Prisoner. One Night the young Officer kept awake by sollicitous Ruminations on the uncertainty of his Fortune, and the Expences of Attendance, overheard some plaintive Accents, at which laying his Ear close to the Wall, he distinctly heard a female Voice lamenting the want of necessary Food, intermixed with Imprecations against some barbarous Man, who kept her thus confined; the young *Tartar* immediately offered his Services, mentioned his Name, and promised to rescue the unfortunate Person from such Hands; this at first startled *Melchu Kina*, as supernatural, she little thought her being heard, and much less of finding a Deliverer in such a Place; then she imagined that the Gods who never totally forsake Innocence, had sent her this Assistance, and that it would be an Impiety not to close with it; accordingly she told the *Tartar*, that she feared there was no delivering her from her present Wretchedness, for should her Persecutor see, that she was to be
 taken

taken from him either by Force or Law, he was of such a Temper, that, she really believed, he would be the Death of her rather than give her up. Then she proceeded to particularize all the Indignities and Hardships she had suffered, and that for near a Moon past, Bread and Water had been all her Subsistence.

As Courage and Humanity go together, for the *Tartar* was a gallant young Fellow, he determined to rescue her, especially as from her Circumstances, he might conclude her to be young and handsom, and likewise of no common Virtue, to hold out against such Trials, He flattered himself also that by duly availing himself of this Adventure, his Fortune was made, and he had already vowed a Gift to the Bonzes, as a thanksgiving to Heaven for laying such an Atchievement in his way.

Without any farther consulting *Melchukina*, on what was to be done for her, he immediately set about piercing the Wall, chusing a Place the least in sight, and in the Night-time he carried on his Works with such Vigour, that under all
the

the Caution he was obliged to use, by Morning he had made a Hole big enough to put his Hand through. But the Wall being on *Melchu-Kina's* side covered with a thick Matt, the usual *Chinese* Wainscot, he called softly to her that she would remove it.

Melchu-Kina, full of Surprise, and not without a mixture of Joy at his Diligence and Contrivance, lifted up the matting, when the young *Tartar* saw an Object which deserved his most strenuous Endeavours for her Welfare; he was himself of a very taking outside, and though poor *Melchu-Kina's* Passions must, through the long Course of such a slender Diet, been at a low Ebb, she felt for him more than she had ever felt for any one before; seeing her so emaciated, he, Soldier like, instead of empty Compliments, went out and brought her some light nice Food, handing it to her through the Hole, which in no long time he enlarged so as to get through himself. But now dreading least in the Day-time it should come into the old Gamester's Head to visit his Prisoner, it was agreed to defer
their

their first Interview till the following Night. The Officer in the mean Time provided every Ingredient of a good Supper, and the Hour being come, he conveyed himself into *Melchu-Kina's* Room; this Repast was perhaps the most delightful they ever had made. They were alone, and the adventurous *Tartar* perceiving, besides *Melchu-Kina's* warm Acknowledgements of owing her Life to his Kindness, that his Person was not displeasing to her, made some Movements towards compleating his Conquest; Gratitude for a recent Service, the *Tartar's* handsom Person, his Endearments and Promises all jointly assailing *Melchu-Kina's* youthful Heart, the happy *Tartar* found, that good Cheer, Confidence and handsomness of Person are very prevalent in Amours.

This Commerce continued for some time; as for the Bread and Water, which the implacable old Gamester continued bringing, and never without some Curse or Obloquy, that went to the young *Tartar's* Hound; but the Revival of *Melchu-Kina's* Complexion was what astonished him. Now she became reconciled to her Confinement,

finement, and sometimes used to return her Lover's Visit in his Chamber; and probably, had he known whither to have betaken himself, he would have carried her off at first; but their mutual Complacency in each other, so far alleviated their Situation, that they thought it adviseable to stay, till Fortune, which had been so far favourable, should open to them a Way of making their Escape, without the risk of falling into Distress; but an Accident, as little foreseen as their Happiness, obliged them to hasten their Flight. *Melchu-Kina's* Tyrant, who had been pondering about the surprising Change in her Person, got scent of the opening made in the Wall, and this Discovery the two Lovers found out by an Incaution of his in settling the Matting; *Melchu-Kina*, who only a Minute before had passed into the *Tartar's* Apartment, plainly saw on her return, that the old Gamester had been there; she knew he would stick at nothing in his Revenge, and the *Tartar* fearing for her, proposed that she put on a Suit of Cloaths of his, and instantly set off, accordingly they

they took the Road to *Nankin*, as the most proper Place for Adventurers in their Circumstances.

The *Tartar*, their exigency so requiring, allowed *Melchu-Kina* much more Liberty than is common to Women in that Country; among other Persons of note who sought to ingratiate themselves with her, was the Secretary to a Mandarin of the first Order, who sent her Present on Present, that the *Tartar* and she had never seen such chearful Times. As to *Melchu-Kina* she enjoyed a degree of sovereignty, every Day at her Feet were Persons soliciting for Favours of the Mandarin, over whom her Gallant had an absolute ascendant; and where some of the most respectable Persons in *Nankin* had failed, the Interest of this disrespectful Woman had prevailed. The Captain of the Guards to the same Mandarin, whose Secretary was her capital Gallant, became passionately enamoured with her; this, the Secretary, to whom as a Proof of her Fidelity, she had complained of that Officer's Overtures, was for opposing; and to prevent Extremities *Melchu-Kina*

cbu-Kina desired the Captain to forbear all violent Measures, assuring him that whilst he consulted her Quiet and Character, her House should be open to him.

The Captain agreed to proceed no farther; accordingly he goes to the Secretary, promises to concern himself no further about *Melchu-Kina*, and begged the renewal of his Friendship, which the other on that Proviso very gladly complied with, the Captain being a boisterous Blade. *Melchu-Kina*, soon after, became pregnant, when each of her three Lovers strove who should shew her most Tenderness; the *Tartar* and she were now as happy as could be wished; their manner of living bordered on Splendor, which, if not founded on the strictest Maxims of Virtue, their Courteousness and Liberality threw a Veil over that Defect; but a fatal Stroke was given to this Felicity by their excessive Tenderness for the Daughter, which *Melchu-Kina* brought into the World. The young *Tartar* very nice in the Point of Honour, according to our Temper, and from which I hope we shall never depart, would have the bringing up
of

of her whom he concluded to be his Daughter, the Secretary desired that she might be put into his Hands, and if she lived, he would fit her to be a Match for a Mandarin; the like was insisted on by the Captain. *Melbu-Kina* excused herself a long time under colour of maternal Fondness, but the Impatience of three Men equally urgent on the same point, was not to be eluded; at length it came to light, that the real Motive of her refusal, was, her Duplicity; and now the *Tartar*, the Secretary, and Captain flamed with Revenge, especially the young *Tartar*, on whom *Melbu-Kina* had imposed a Belief that the end of the Secretary's Visits was only to amuse himself with a little sprightly Conversation after the Fatigues of his Office; he swore and stormed, and reproached his perfidious Mistress with what he had done for her. The Secretary, a good kind of Man, elate with the Pleasure of being a Father, was now extremely chagrined at the Doubts arisen on that Head, and threatened his Mistress with a severe Punishment, if she did not justify her Conduct; *Cbina* swarms with People, who set up to make

known Secrets, and foretel what is to come; many of these the Secretary consulted, but they one and all told him, that it was 'easier to read the Constellations, than a Woman's Heart.' His next recourse was to dreadful Imprecations, which *Melchu-Kina* repeated after him with the most confident Composure, voluntarily adding several Formalities to render her Imprecations more credible; and now the Secretary as thoroughly believed himself the Father as before, and accordingly claiming the Daughter, *Melchu-Kina* delivered the Child to him, but the young *Tartar* coming to her House, and missing the Child in dispute, demanded it with inexpressible Transports of Rage. He had contracted a Friendship with the Captain of the Mandarin's Guards, and he to thwart the Secretary, and favour the *Tartar*, also renewed his Claim to the Child as incontestable; the Secretary, to secure both Prizes, had them privately conveyed some Leagues from *Nankin* to a Recess equally unknown to both his Rivals. Now the Storm grew louder, the Captain of the Guards, though indifferent about the Child, was extremely

extremely moved at the Mother's Absence, and the young *Tartarian* Officer, being concerned for both, induced the Captain to lay a joint Complaint to the Mandarin. The Secretary relying on his Interest with that Magistrate, flattered himself, that he should easily overfet his two Adversaries; but in an Affair which made so great a Noise, the Mandarin did not carry his obsequiousness to his Favourite so far as to pass an iniquitous Sentence; he ordered him to send for *Melchu-Kina* and her Daughter, and all five to appear before his Tribunal. There was no gainsaying; *Melchu-Kina* returned, bringing with her the contested Child. The Day for the Trial being come, the Mandarin's Court was crouded with Spectators of such a singular Scene; at the Foot of his Seat was *Melchu-Kina* with her Daughter in her Arms, whilst behind her stood the three Lovers, whose Looks spoke the Tumult of their resentful Hearts.

The Mandarin having seated himself, with *Confucius's* sacred Book in his Hand, interrogated *Melchu-Kina*, endeavouring

by Artifices and Threatnings to draw from her the Truth of a Secret, which she knew no more of than the three Competitors; he then surveyed the Child and observing that her Features promised a very extraordinary Beauty, Silence being made, he delivered himself in these Words.

‘ I decree that the Daughter of *Melchu-Kina* be, at the Expence of the three Claimants, committed in Trust to other Hands, till she shall have passed twelve full Years, and that she shall then be acknowledged the Daughter of him of the three, who shall at that time consent to be her Father.’

This Sentence as it gave no Preference to any one, it equally satisfied the three; after contributing their quota of the Sum judged necessary for the Subsistence of the Child, and obtaining from the Mandarin the liberty of seeing it often, they withdrew; this Decision indeed was followed by a mortifying Prohibition, that *Melchu-Kina* should hold no farther Commerce with, nor receive Visits from either of the three Competitors; to the Secretary this was Death, his Passion was

was such, that he could not live without her, yet as the Great frequently transgress the Law with Impunity, he continued seeing her privately; the Captain of the Guards quietly betook himself to his Duty, and having procured to the *Tartar* some handsome Station about the Mandarin of *Nankin*, they kept House together, without using the least Endeavour to renew their Acquaintance with *Melchu-Kina*, and it was not long before all Remembrance of her Daughter also wore off.

As to the Secretary, after some new Oaths, which he again required of his Mistress, he conceited himself to be absolute Master of her Heart, till an idea of Marriage came into her Head, a Husband she thought would repair her Reputation, the Decay of which lay very heavy on her.

Besides, this was her shelter and support against any Events or Vicissitudes, such a Union secured to her all the Wealth, which the Secretary had heaped on her, and which his Heirs might strip her of, while single, but against a married Woman they have no Claim; this prudent Design

she intimated to the Secretary, whose Jealousy was at first extremely alarmed; he broke out into Complaints against her, and charged her with a Design of putting a total End to their Commerce, during the Course of which she could not accuse him of any mis-behaviour. *Melchu-Kina* mildly laid before him her several Reasons for such a Step, and by turning and winding him every way, at length gained his Consent.

The difficulty was to find a Man disposed to give his Name to a Person so notorious for the irregularity of her Life; after the Miscarriage of several other Artifices, she spread a Report that she intended to leave tumultuous *Nankin*, and retire to a religious Solitude; at the same time altering her Dress to a strict Simplicity, accompanied with a suitable Deportment, many were brought to believe that she was sincerely penitent, for her former Licentiousness; even the Chief of the Bonzes of *Nankin*, deceived by her Hypocrisy, sent one of his Suffragans to her, with an Invitation to dedicate herself to the Service of certain Idols
whose

whose Ceremonies are performed by Priestesses. To this her Answer was, that before she could presume to approach those sacred Images, it was proper that she should go through a Course of austere Repentance, and by an exemplary Practice of Devotion and Virtue, in some Measure expiate her former Enormities. Several Persons of Distinction infatuated with her Beauty, made her very considerable Offers for the sole Enjoyment of her Person; every Offer of this kind she rejected with Detestation, and these Denials being industriously spread abroad, no Question was made but she was a sincere Convert.

The Secretary's Clerk, who had often waited on *Melchu-Kina* with Messages from his Master, like most others who saw her, was smitten with her Beauty; but his whole Fortune depending on the Continuance of the Secretary's Favour, he had prudently suppressed his Passion, whereas he now imagined, that, without Offence, he might, on this occasion, offer himself for a Husband, and procured a Friend to sound *Melchu-Kina*. The Clerk was perfectly

fectly her Man, a handsom young Fellow, with no more than plain common Sense, little minding the Point of Honour for want of Wit to know the Importance of it; all for Peace, Quietness and good Living at any rate, and consequently very fit for her.

Melchu-Kina was overjoyed at being informed that such a Person, should make the first Advances towards uniting his Destiny to hers, and now she thought all her Slips and Disasters would be amply compensated: however to enhance her Value, she answered, that having entered on a Resolution to consecrate herself to the Service of the Deities, she did not know whether she could gain upon herself to bestow any farther Thoughts on Men. The Clerk blessed the Choice he had made of a Woman who hesitated only between the Gods and himself; and, in his Transport, flies away to the Secretary, throws himself at his Feet, and conjures him to turn the Scale in his Favour; this kind Master assured him that no Endeavours of his should be wanting to procure him the legal Possession
of

of *Melchu Kina*; and accordingly went to her that very same Day; when, after much feigned Reluctance, and dread of the Displeasure of the Deities, she consented to give the happy Clerk her Hand.

The Secretary acquainting that impatient Lover, with the Success of his Mediation, and that *Melchu-Kina* had given her formal Promise, he was transported with a Joy, far beyond the Exultation of our *Tartars* at the glorious Conquest of this vast Empire of *Cbina*. Flushed with Extacy he ran to present himself before *Melchu-Kina*; the modest Air which she had of late put on, imparted additional Charms to her lovely Person: To him she appeared as a Deity. But the Arch-Bonze, who had left no stone unturned for detaching *Melchu-Kina* from the World, as at her Initiation she was to give up all her Wealth to holy Uses, opposed the Marriage, alledging that her Promise to him, of being a Priestess, after the necessary Preparations to so sacred a Function, was a formal Engagement not to be broken on any account, and that to traverse

so noble a Design would be drawing down the divine Vengeance.

At the same time he practised on a near Relation of the Clerk's, who angrily reproached him that he should offer to marry himself to a Woman of public Infamy, and threatned, that he would be his greatest Enemy, should he put in Execution a Design so very disgraceful to their unblemished Family.

Love being the Clerk's predominant Passion, he returned his Cousin's Expostulation with much abusive Language, and defied his Resentment; he was now taken up with running continually from the Bonze to the Secretary, imploring the Intercession of the latter with the Former; *Melchu-Kina*, since the Opposition of the Chief of the Bonzes, had declared to her Lover, that the proper Respect for Religion, would not permit her to receive him under her Roof; at length the Secretary seeing his Clerk inflamed to the highest Degree, thought it was proper the Match should be brought to an Issue; he went to the Ecclesiastic, whom he knew to be eaten up with Avarice and

and Arrogance, and made him considerable Presents for the Decoration of those Temples, which were more immediately under his Inspection. This Argument allayed every Scruple; a Message was sent to *Melchu-Kina*, and her Lover; the Bonze dissolved her from her Promise of consecrating herself to the Service of the Altar, and licenced the Marriage; and even himself performed the Ceremony. Doubtless the Joy of the amorous Clerk received an additional Relish from the Thought that he had obtained his beautiful Wife in opposition both to the Gods and the Priests.

The married Pair notified to their acquaintance their common Happiness; their House was crouded with congratulatory Visits; and offers of Services and professions of Friendship, were that Day made to the Husband by Persons who the Week before, would not so much as have cast an Eye on him; and of these the Secretary himself was not the most backward. This kind Keeper was for making every thing easy, and laboured to clear up *Melchu-Kina's* Virtue to her Husband, he assured him that,
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the Inconveniences, with which she had struggled, were owing to the Rancour of her Enemies, and that one Day her spotless Innocence would break out to their Confusion. *Melchu-Kina*, with whom he was now left alone, put the finishing Hand to his Conviction of her Virtue, and in a Moment persuaded him of the Falsity of what had gone current in the whole Empire for some Years, as a manifest Truth. For this purpose to her affectedly aukward Caresses, she added so specious a Story, that her Husband conceived he had married Virtue itself, tacitly reproaching his suspicious Temper in giving Credit to the malicious Reports disseminated by her Enemies; the next Day the Secretary paid them a Visit, and from the Husband received many Prostrations and Thanks for the happy State in which he had placed him; the Acquaintances on both sides being also come to pay their customary Compliments, the Day was given up to Merriment.

The following Days were more tranquil, but not less happy; *Melchu-Kina's* Husband, as I have already noticed, added Prince

Mela-

Mela-Kampo, was a very personable young Man, and *Melchu-Kina* having a stock of Wit which stood in no need of his Documents, was very much taken with him, that every Day shewed an increasing Fondness; she resolved to break off all further suspicious Commerce with the Secretary, yet without forfeiting his Friendship, as a sure Refuge in any Exigency. For this she took her Measures with great Adroitness, and even consented, that an Employment should be given her Husband in another City; still keeping her Eye on her fixed Design, which was civilly to break with the Secretary. An Employment by which the Clerk would be separated from his Fondling, was very far from being welcome to him, but several Persons representing to him, that besides the affront to the Secretary, he ought not to let slip this Opportunity of making her happier by such an Addition to her Income; so taking leave of his Wife, whom he so tenderly loved, he advised her to sooth all Grief for his Absence in the variety of Amusements which that splendid City afforded; he himself dissolving into
Tears

Tears while he gave her this consolatory Advice.

His Absence now left the Secretary sole Master of the Field of Battle, but with little Advantage to him, *Melchu-Kina* still looking on him as one of whom she would at all Events rid herself, and to comfort her Husband, very regularly used to write to him Letters full of the most endearing Protestations of Grief and Affection.

During the Course of these Intrigues, several Years had elapsed; *Melchu-Kina's* Daughter was growing up, and her opening Charms indicated that she would be a perfect Beauty; the Secretary often came to see her, but the Captain of the *Mandarin's* Guards and the young *Tartar* his Intimate, so indulged themselves in a jovial Sociality, that their Resentment against the Mother, and Concern for their supposed Daughter was quite erased from their Minds; at length came on the twelfth Year, the Secretary was impatient till by the Mandarin's own Mouth, and in all the Solemnity of Justice he should be declared the Father of such an accomplished Creature; he was likewise desirous that this

Affair

Affair should be decided during the Absence of *Melchu-Kina's* easy Husband, urging the Mandarin, his Master, that the time being expired, he would be pleased to pronounce his Decree. Accordingly the Daughter was taken from the Trustees, and delivered to her Mother, who had Orders to make her Appearance the next Day at the Mandarin's Tribunal; the Tartar, the Secretary, and the Captain received the like Summons, in conformity to which they repaired thither at the time appointed.

The singularity of the Case had drawn together a very considerable Assembly, the Mandarin ordered the Mother and the Daughter to be placed on one Side of his Tribunal, and the Competitors to front him. The Secretary, who had a real love for his dear *Melchu-Kina*, viewed her beautiful Daughter with all the Complacency of a Father, but on the Tartar, and the Captain of the Guards, her florid Charms had a more violent Effect; they now repented that ever they had claimed an Appellation, which precluded any other Sentiment towards her than that of paternal Tenderness;

ness; this Error they were glad to recede from, and to give up to the Secretary the Title of Father of *Melchu-Kina's* beautiful Daughter, assuming another, not less endearing; the Mandarin, whose Sagacity had foreseen this Alteration, asking them whether they still persisted in their Design of setting up to be Fathers of *Melchu-Kina's* Daughter, they at once declared themselves convinced of the falsity of their Pretensions, and that they relinquished the Title to whomsoever would take it. The like Question being put to the Secretary, he asserted the Truth of his former Claim; and the Child was adjudged to him. In the heat of his Joy, he before the full Court, ran up to his Rivals, embracing them, and thanking them for their Candor; then with a respectful Bow to the Mandarin, walked off triumphant between *Melchu-Kina* and her Daughter.

We are governed by one Passion till another supersedes it, the *Tartar* and Captain of the Guards from inseparable Companions now again became Rivals, and after such long Animosity against the Secretary,

Secretary, now paid their Court with great Observance, for Permission to address his Daughter; *Melchu-Kina* was become quite indifferent to both. The equitable Secretary instead of giving the Preference to either, their Merit to him appearing equal, left the Distinction to his Daughter's Choice; but *Melchu Kina*, nettled at their Forgetfulness, kept their Charmer a Recluse from them, that they could not come at the sight of her; the two Rivals irritated at this Disappointment, went to her, and after some very poignant Reproaches proceeded to Menaces, and, according to the strange Custom here, did not intirely abstain from Blows. Unfortunately *Melchu-Kina's* fond Husband was that Moment arrived at *Nankin*, and disregarding all the Salutations he met with in the Street, hastened to his House. He found her between two Men dinning her Ears with the most scandalous Railings, and one of them made her feel his Hands.

Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Chorcæbus.

Regardless of the great Odds, he was for revenging her Quarrel, but he had to
do

do with two stout Blades, who after mauling him to Mummy, dragged him into the Street; as one Misfortune never comes alone, some of the Mandarin's Guards passing by and seeing their Captain belabouring a Man, were for taking the Trouble off his Hands, and these being fresh Men, they soon reduced him to such a Condition, as not to be able to stir without Help.

Melchu-Kina, who had come off but little better, and was scarce herself with Grief and Rage, endeavoured by the Assistance of some Servants gently to move him into the House, for the poor Man had scarce any Life left; the Secretary, on notice of this brutal Scene, hastened to him with the Mandarin's Physician and Surgeon, by whose Skill his Pains were considerably abated, and he recovered his Speech; the first use he made of it was to ask his Wife the Cause of this Disturbance; from her he understood that the two, whom he had seen assaulting her, had made her some scandalous Offers, which she rejecting, they had vowed Revenge on her, and overlooking the Consequences

quences of such a Breach of the Peace, they had come and abused her in the manner which he saw; she added, that if her Love could be augmented, it would by the generous Courage he had shewn in her Defence. The Secretary, who now had so far mastered his Passions, as to leave *Melchu Kina* to her own liberty, and entertained only Sentiments of Friendship for her, seconded what she had said; he assured the Clerk that during his Absence she had led an exemplary Life, and that it was only Rage at having been disappointed in their base Designs, which had prompted those two Wretches to act in such a manner. This Justification set the Husband at rest, he seemed to forget his Hurts and Bruises to comfort his Wife, he even thanked the Gods, that at his Return they had given him so strong a Proof of her Virtue.

The Secretary ardently interested himself in this Affront, as it related to his Daughter, whose Reputation, in the Heat of the Brawl, had not been spared; he went and threw himself at the Mandarin's Knees, supplicating Justice against the open
 Outrage

Outrage committed by the Captain of his Guards and the young *Tartar*, who was also one of his Household; the Mandarin immediately sent for the two Offenders, but as he had all the Flexibility of a Father towards his Domestics, instead of punishing them according to their Demerits, he contented himself only with reprimanding them.

This Lenity was no more than the Secretary had expected; but there was another Channel for Revenge, and, at the Sollicitations of *Melchu Kina*, he determined to make use of it. Among several Judges dependent on the Mandarin, one building on his great Interest at Court, would often transgress the Limits of Subordination, even to anticipate the Jurisdiction of his Superior. The Mandarin knowing his Strength, would wink at these Infringements; and looking on him as a Man that would not hold it long, left him to his own Indiscretion.

To him the Secretary made his Complaint, and nothing could please him better than to have to do with any of his Superior's Family; he promised the
Secretary,

Secretary, that he would warmly espouse his Cause, and having questioned *Melchukina*, concerning the Violence which had been offered her, he sent an Order to the Captain of the Guards and the young *Tartar*, not to fail appearing before him the next Morning; the former, whose Post seemed to exempt him from the Summons of a Delegate, and the other, to whom an Express was just come, with Money for him to return to his Father, stomached this Insolence of the petty Mandarin, and concerted how to revenge the many Indignities which Persons of very good Fashion and Character had suffered from that ridiculous Judge.

They were certain that all *Nankin* would be pleased at his Pride having met with its Match. And the Chief Mandarin, whose Rights he was daily invading, could not be supposed to discountenance a Scene calculated to expose him; the Captain risked only a slight Reprimand, or at most the loss of his Employment, and of that he knew he should not be long without an Equivalent, by his Interest with the chief Mandarins of the Court,

Court, to whom he was well known, for an inexhaustible Vein of Jocularitv; as for the *Tartar*, he was on removing among Hills and Vales, where the Authority of the petty Mandarin could not reach him. As a beginning of their Plan, they did not appear next Day according to the Summons; the petty Mandarin provoked at this Contempt of his Authority, immediately sent two of his Halberdiers with this concise Message, That they must either obey, or expect the Severity of the Law. These Fellows aping the Superciliousness of their Master, it seems, expressed themselves something abruptly to the Captain of the Guards, who to teach them better Language, ordered them some smart Lashes, then bid them shew their Backs to their Master; the petty Mandarin at this Insult was inflamed with the most vindictive Anger, he denounced the worst of Punishments against the Offenders. But as there was no taking them, the Mandarin's House where they lived being a Sanctuary, he was obliged to wait till they came to him.

In the mean Time, the two Rivals, now a second Time reconciled by being involved

involved in the same Offence, were getting their Friends together; many of the Mandarin's Guards swore they would live and die by their Captain, and to these several other Persons joined themselves. The next Day all being disguised, privately distributed themselves in the Houses near that of the Mandarin; whilst the Captain and the *Tartar*, in Appearance, entered alone, but in reality accompanied by eight resolute Men, who seemed to come thither on their own Affairs.

The petty Mandarin soon distinguished them among the unhappy Croud that filled his Court; the furious Looks he cast at them, portended some tremendous Catastrophe, and impatient for the Satisfaction of venting his Rage against them, he adjourned all the other Trials, and ordered the Court to be cleared.

Then seeing only the Captain, and the rude *Tartar*, their Companions having mingled among the Halberdiers, he asked them with a threatening Voice, how they dared to maltreat his Officers; to this the Captain answered, that when a Magistrate sent a Messenger, he should direct him
to

to behave with Decency; that Rudeness and Violence were allowed only towards Rebels and condemned Malefactors.

The petty Mandarin, who would never bear with a Reply, behaved to the Captain and the *Tartar* with the most brutish Imperiousness, even threatening them with very ignominious Chastisements. The Captain told him that without questioning him, or hearing his Answer relating to the Affront done to *Melchu-Kina*, he plainly sided with her, which was not answering the end of his sitting there; the petty Mandarin did not mind him, *Melchu-Kina* no longer concerned him, it was the Contempt of his Authority, which had now roused his Passion, and the Captain continuing his Plea, his Judge, with whom it was nothing to break out into Sallies beneath the Dignity of his Office, started from his Seat, and going up to the Officer collared him, the *Tartar* seeing his Friend a little disconcerted at this Insult, but in a Posture to return it, and the Mandarin's Halberdiers in motion to seize them, rushes on the incensed Judge, and tears away a large *Mustachio* *,

* Among the *Chinese* a mark of Honour and Cleanliness.

which

which he cherished with particular Care; their eight Attendants now seconding them, fall on the Halberdiers and after a little Mischief, the Poltroons were glad to get off as well as they could.

Nankin was now no Place for the Captain and the *Tartar*; the former went to throw himself upon his Interest at the Court of *Pekin*, and the gallant *Tartar* sought a Refuge under my Tents. It is from him, added *Mela-Kampo*, that I have all which I have been telling you, and by another Hand I am informed, that after their Flight, the petty Mandarin, exasperated at the ridicule which the late Affair had drawn on him, wreaked his Fury on *Melchu-Kina*, as the original Cause of it; that she and her Husband were obliged to quit *Nankin*.

The remainder of the Secretary's Presents was now drawing very low, and no certain Resources offering, their last Shift was to solicit a Place among the Emperor's Comedians, for which no body could be better fitted than *Melchu-Kina*, who though now far on the wrong side of her Bloom, has still all the Graces and the Vivacity of

Youth, that she is justly reputed the prettiest Woman, and the best Performer in the whole Company. Now, continued Prince *Mela-Kampa*, you have all that I know concerning this bewitching Actress; if your Passion shews a good Taste, yet is it extremely dangerous; I know not how, but few or none ever engaged with her, whom it did not ruin; therefore let me dissuade you from an Intrigue, in which you will have all the young Princes of this Court for your Rivals; I willingly agree to spend a few Days more in shewing you the Curiosities of *Pekin*; then let us return to our Subjects, they naturally grow uneasy at a long absence of their Sovereigns; our Hills and Vales will ring with their welcoming Shouts; and our Countries are not without Beauties, who will think the offer of your Heart the highest Honour; and your Choice none will presume to contest.

Abolida, deaf to this Advice, ordered one of his Retinue to enquire by what Means he might get acquainted with *Melchu-Kina*; in better Hands the Prince could not have put his Amour, for, besides

besides a natural Cunning and Dexterity, he had lived long at *Pekin*, and made it his study to pry into the Intrigues of that large City. To the great Joy of his Master, he made a Report that nothing was easier than to come to a *Tete à Tete* with *Melchu-Kina*; that though kept by one of the Princes of the Blood, he was so easy about her, that he only saw her now and then, and chiefly for diverting, by her witty Conversation, his Chagrin for some late Family Incidents; that the more Company he found with her the better pleased he was, especially if consisting of ingenious Persons.

On this *Abolida* laid out for an Opportunity of contracting a Friendship with the Prince whom *Melchu-Kina* had preferred to all others; in this he easily succeeded, and the Affection between the two Princes grew to such an Intimacy, that they could no longer be without each other; it was not long before they kept House together, and on the same footing of Expence. *Abolida*, whose Fortune was very much below that of his new Friend, brought himself under Diffi-

culties in order to keep pace with him. *Mela-Kampo* exasperated at this Conduct, wrote to the Sovereign of the Mountain, *Abolida's* Uncle. This venerable old Monarch, who had foreseen the Indiscretion of his Nephew, intreated *Mela-Kampo* to use in his Name the strongest Motives, for reclaiming him; but *Abolida*, devoted to his Love, rejected every disfavoured Advice. His Country and his Subjects had now no longer any share in his Thoughts, he openly declared that he would never more return among them; but behold the sad Consequences of unbridled Passion! All that he raised, and a great part by culpable Measures, being now wasted, Indigence drove him to the most ignominious Shifts; the Sovereign of the Mountain, under whom he had been brought up, died with Grief, yet his Care of his Subjects prevailed above his Affection for his Nephew; he disinherited him of the Royalty, saying 'That a slave to his Passions did not deserve to reign over others.' He only left him a small Mansion-House, with some Land, and these his Friends had Orders not to put

put *Abolida* in Possession of, till his Behaviour should shew an Amendment in his Morals. Some Moments after this, the old Monarch expired, with his last Breath lamenting the Degeneracy of his Nephew.

This Death sensibly affected *Abolida*, his Friend seized this Opportunity to remonstrate to him the Injury he had done his Fortune and his Honour, by an Attachment wholly unworthy of him. His Heart too strongly allured by Pleasure, left him not the Freedom of his Judgment; his Grief soon subsided, but his Love remained in its full Force; the charming *Melchu-Kina* had never before met with so passionate an Admirer; but this rapturous Commerce was now drawing to a period. Distress the most severe, but the most powerful Reformer, soon forced the unfortunate *Abolida*, loaded with Wretchedness and Infamy, to steal away from *Pekin*, and seek an Asylum in the obscure Retreat which the Kindness of his wise Uncle had left him; there he lived, often shedding repentant Tears, that in that Country, to the Sovereignty

of which he had been naturally intitled, he should see himself a Dependent, a Subject under the controul of a Monarch whom he had known his Inferior. Happy Misfortune? for, adds the *Japoneſe* Author, to whom I owe this Tale, by the Simplicity and Solitude of the Life he was now driven to, awakened his Reflexion, which ſhewed him that in mastering Paſſion and Appetite conſiſts the moſt exalted Authority, and moſt ſolid Contentment; Age and the Decay of her dangerous Allurements taught *Melchu-Kina* alſo ‘ That
 ‘ to be happy we muſt be good.’



THE



THE
SELF-RIVAL.

WOMEN, with an eminent Degree of Beauty and Elegance, never fail pleasing at first Sight, and on the other Hand, the plain and forbidding, may also assure themselves of a contrary Effect: the former have nothing to fear, nor the latter to hope; but they who are neither of a striking Beauty or Ugliness, them it concerns to take great Precautions at a first Interview, the Success of which depends, not only on the Taste of him to whom they are desirous of appearing amiable, but on the different Dispositions in which the Man may happen to be; as in a gloomy Moment of Chagrin, he may be disgusted with one of those Semi-Beauties, with whom amidst the

Festivity of an Entertainment he would have been charmed.

An only Daughter, one of those equivocal Beauties we have been speaking of, was at first Sight determined to love a Gentleman, on whom she perceived that the first Sight of her had not such an Effect; they happened to meet at a Judge's Chambers about a Law-Suit, on which depended the Welfare of the two Families; in Order to adjust an Affair of such Concern, yet uncertain, a Match was that very Day agreed on, between the two Heirs; and this Agreement celebrated by a splendid Feast; the Heiress made her Appearance in a very careless Dress, and her Compliments and Behaviour were no less void of Ceremony. This created some Astonishment, and being asked by her Mother, what Reason she had for such Singularity, she made answer, that having perceived, at the Judge's Chambers, that her Person was not like to create any Love in her future Husband, she would endeavour at least to gain his Esteem by her Modesty.

The Gentleman, who had been for some time expected, came; he was a very personable

sonable Youth, and though not wanting in Manners or good Sense, of an excessive Frankness, plainly speaking what he thought. His first Speech at coming in, was to the Mother, saying, that he came to pay his Duty to her; that this Morning was the first Time he had ever heard of the Marriage, which his Father intended for him; had I known, continued he, saluting the young Lady, that you was she with whom I am to pass my Life, I would have intreated you, freely to have told me, whether in a Marriage concerted between our Parents merely for the mutual Interest of the two Families, you as willingly conformed to your Mother's Directions, as I obey my Father; for, if the Match be in the least against your Inclination it is what I will never suffer myself to be brought to. To this, the Mother, preventing the Daughter, answered, that her Daughter had most willingly obeyed at the very first Intimation; but, Sir, allow me, to desire that you, with your natural Sincerity, would declare, whether you have any liking to my Daughter. O! answered he, I see Supper is on the Table,

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I will answer that Question at the Desert; but for the present let us sit down. The Table-talk turned entirely on the Oddness of a Marriage so suddenly concluded, not a Word came from the Daughter, and it was very seldom she looked at the Gentleman, though already in love with him; but she had her Drift. At length comes the Desert, and the Servants being ordered to withdraw, the Mother challenged the Gentleman's Promise of freely declaring his Mind; which he did, with all imaginable Politeness; but he gave her to understand that her Daughter had not touched his Heart, but protested that she might depend on the most civil Treatment, and every mark of real Affection. This new manner of making Love occasioned a good deal of Pleasantry, till the Company broke up; the Mother in her return Home; rattled her Daughter, for sitting like a Mope at Table. I had my Reasons for it, said the Daughter, I did it to make myself loved. Loved! answered the Mother, you go an odd Way to work; but this sagacious Girl laid open her Scheme so much:

much to the Mother's Satisfaction, that she promised to act a Part in it.

The Day following, the Gentleman paid a Visit to the Daughter, whom he did not love, but whom, on her Character, he esteemed: After a short Silence, she, with a Mein which could give him no great Idea of her Intellects, said, that as she had no hopes of his Love, she at least required from him an excessive Proof of his Esteem, which was, that should he hereafter take a Fancy to any other Woman, to make her his Confident. This Proposal, he looked on in the Light which he thought it deserved, and made Answer, that as far as he knew himself, he was not the most propense to Amours, but that should such a thing fall out, his Reason would help him to stifle a Passion, and to conceal it from himself, so far from imparting it to his Wife; she insisted that she would stand in his Heart, at least in the Rank of a good Friend; this produced a long Contest, managed with great Indifference on his Side, and with a vapid sort of Obstinacy on hers. He still would not promise so extravagant a Confidence,

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fidence, till to be rid of her Importunities, with a contemptuous Laugh, he complied with what she had been soliciting. Another good Quality of this Gentleman was, that what he had promised, he kept to; he took his Leave of her, telling her, in a careless manner, that he was going to the Ball, and always put on a *Spanish* Dress, and very seldom mist a Night; to which she answered, that she could not endure a Ball, Dancing was a thing, that she could never learn.

He was no sooner in the Street, than she sent for an *Espagnoletta* Habit, purposing to follow him. With the finest shape in the World, and an advantageous Stature, she had all the Graces of Attitude, and danced inimitably; her Neck, the Coutour of her Face, and her Eyes were perfectly beautiful, so that with a very little Mask and the Apertures for the Eyes very open, her Appearance was quite enchanting; she soon attracted the Eyes of the whole Company, and her *Spaniard* was not the least charmed; being taken out to dance, she herein increased the Admiration of her Person; the

the *Spaniard* who stood forward to have the better Sight of her, had the high Pleasure of being chosen for her second Partner. After dancing, they fell into conversation, the *Spaniard* enraptured with the Brillancy of her Repartees, and the turn and delicacy of her Thoughts, little imagined this engaging Person to be her whom he had seen only in her Negligèe, which hid her Shape and disfigured her Air, and affecting an Indolence bordering on Stupidity; in a Word he began to love her, beyond what he thought himself susceptible of, and rejoiced in the Happiness only of being told by her, that she was to be at the Ball on the following Night, and in the same Habit.

On the Afternoon of the next Day, he waited on his future Bride, whom he found in her usual Indolence, and more carelessly dressed than before, but in her Discourse a surprising Alteration; such Judgement, such Elevation of Thought, such Tenderness of Sentiments, and delivered with such an amiable Sweetness, that he began to grow a little easy, though she wanted the sparkling Wit,
and

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and radiant Charms of the *Espagnoletta*; yet some signs of extreme Agitations escaped him, and from time to time, to her great Joy, he fell into unusual Distractions; she now plainly saw that he was smitten; they both kept their Word to meet at the Ball, and in a Conversation still more animated than that of the last Night, she threw fresh Fuel on his Love; but his Marriage obtruding itself among his Raptures, gave rise to such forcible Reflections, that by a very extraordinary effort of Virtue he was suddenly for leaving the *Espagnoletta*; how! will you leave me, says she, with an Air, sufficient to have enamoured him, if he had not been so; on this he sunk down again in his Chair, without speaking a Word, I see, says she, that to detain you I stand in need of all my Charms; well then, I will unmask; no such thing, no such thing, cried he, labouring in the noble Conflict, what will become of me! and in effect, dreading the Consequence of a longer stay, he instantly broke from her; this very probably was the first time that a Mistress has been pleased, at a
 Lover's

Lover's overcoming the Passion he had for her; the *Espagnoletta*, at this Flight of her *Spaniard*, was no less delighted at his Virtue, than his Love.

This Gentleman, who had never been known to trespass against Sincerity, as he had given his Word to his future Bride, determined not to conceal from her a Passion, so very unexpected; he laid open to her the bottom of his Heart, while she only feigned as much Jealousy, as sufficed to let him know, that she loved him; and afterwards, expressing such Resignation and Indulgence, and so much Confidence in his Fidelity, that he could not but execrate himself for having been capable of harbouring any Sentiment to her Injury. She endeavoured to remove his Concern, by high Commendations of his extraordinary Prudence, and Resolution, in refusing to see the *Espagnoletta* unmasked, at the same time advising him, that he should endeavour to see her so; that, said she, is the only way of curing you; to be sure, she is another Creature under the Mask, than what your inflamed Imagination represents her, and should she

she prove to want Beauty, you would soon forget her Wit. No, no, replied he, there is nothing like shunning her; and this very Evening, will I beg of my Father to put off our Marriage for a few Days, while I go into the Country, where I make no doubt, but I shall get the better of this Freak; my Esteem for you will not allow me to give myself to you in my present distracted State; No, no, says she, I will put you in the surest Way, to forget the Charms of your *Espagnoletta*, for unquestionably your Passion will be cured on seeing her without a Mask; you may depend on it, for to tell you the Truth, it is no longer ago than Yesterday, that one, who knows her perfectly well, was talking of her, and said that except her Eyes, she had not a single good Feature in her Face; still the Lover insisted on a short Rustication, but the Father, who had got Intelligence of all these Transactions, laid his Commands on his Son to bring Matters to an issue the very next Day.

The Contract was signed, and after the Solemnization, the splendid Company returned

turned to the Mother's House; scarce was Supper over, when in came a Troop of Masks preceded by Fiddles; the Bride who had feigned a slight Indisposition at Supper, requested her Husband to perform the Honour of the Masquerade, while she withdrew to rest a while. With such dispatch did she equip herself in her former Habit, that she entered the dancing Room with another Groupe of Masks, which followed soon after the first; they both consisted of some intimate Friends who had been desired to form a little Masquerade, for facilitating the Execution of the Bride's Artifice. The faithful Bridegroom, at the Sight of that dreaded Object, was for hastening out of the Room; but the Mother catching hold of him informed him, that she had designedly invited the *Espagnoletta*, who was at a Ball in the Neighbourhood to favour them with her Company. My Daughter, continued she, cannot be easy until you see her unmasked, as that will absolutely cure you, for she is said to be even frightfully ugly; Ah! Madam, replied he, all the Faults of her Face, will

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will never cure me of a detestable Passion which so many other Charms have kindled; I have already imagined her more hideous, than it is well possible for her to be, and am not a whit the easier. Ah! Madam no longer stop me.

Whilst he was speaking the *Espagnoletta*, animated by this Scene, which gave her inconceivable Delight, exerted the utmost of her Skill and Vivacity in all the Motions of the Dance; he turned aside his Looks from the irresistible Temptation; but she wantonly swept along close by him, which at once expelled his Reason and Duty, and he forgot the Presence of his Mother-in-Law; to compleat his Confusion the *Espagnoletta* took him by the Hand; this quite overpowered his Senses, that his Mother-in-Law taking him under the Arm, he suffered himself to be hustled away to a Closet, without knowing whether he was going, and the Mother shut herself up with them. The *Espagnoletta* then sent forth a deep Sigh, and no more than natural, for by unmasking herself she feared that she should totally lose the Pleasure of seeing her Husband so very fond;

fond; she loved him as much as he loved the *Espagnoletta*, her languishing Looks answered those of her transported Lover, they looked at each other for some time, without uttering a Word, whilst the anxious Mother's fluent Tongue was giving her Son-in-Law an Idea of the most distasteful Ugliness, that by this contrast, when her Daughter should come to unmask, she might appear to less Disadvantage; the fond Bride availed herself as long as she could, of her Husband's Mistake, but as she could not prevail on herself to terminate this Scene, the Mother at length, took the Mask from the Daughter's Face.

The powerful Effect, that this Surprise produced in this happy Bridegroom, is one of those things the Force of which is diminished by any Description; imagine the Situation of a Man of Honour, conflicting with Love and Beauty, infinitely esteeming one Person, and passionately in love with another, and at length finds them both united in one complete Object.

As

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As to the Bride what must have been her Extasy, that in so little a time, she had transformed an indifferent Lover into an enamoured Husband, and brought the Struggle between Esteem and Love, to a favourable Issue, which established her Felicity and did equal Honour to both!



CON.



CONSTANT LOVE.

FROM a Mountain of the lofty *Armenian* Chain, came down a Man of a majestic Stature covered with a Bear's shaggy Skin, his Face burnt by the Southern Sun, his Hair long and bushy, a Quiver at his Shoulder, a Dagger at his Belt, and a Club in his Hand; after casting his melancholy Eyes towards Heaven, he threw himself on the Turf, and taking out of his Bosom a Portrait, he viewed it, as absorbed in Admiration, then kissed it a thousand times, and burst out into these Words, intermixed with violent Sobs; Ah! dear *Policene*, whom I shall no more behold; it is now some Years since I used to be continually feeding the Fire which consumed me, by looking on those lovely Eyes;

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Eyes; alas! nothing can withstand Fortune and Envy! I still remember the time when on this Vellum *Teprane* delineated the enchanting Features of my kind Fair? How little did I then imagine that this faint sketch of thy Beauty, was one Day to be my sweetest Solacement; dear Charmer, who would have said, when I shone at the Court of *Albania*, in a Robe embroidered by thy beautiful Hands, that I should see myself alone, abandoned on a dreary Mountain, my Arms naked, my Thighs covered with Skins, and sleeping in the Haunts of wild Beasts? Yet I attest the Gods, that no Injuries of Weather, nor the Hazard and Fatigues I go through in quest of Subsistence, nor the Horror of this Desert, raise any Terror in me; if ever a Tear has dropped from my Eyes, the Source of it lay in the Fear which racks me, lest thou forgettest thy Lover; twelve Years are elapsed since my departure from *Albania*, yet all the while hast thou been present to my Heart; wretched me! can I hope that thy Constancy is the same; some raptured Rival perhaps is feasting himself with warm
Kisses

Kisses on thy Lips, Kisses due to my inextinguishable Love: O Gods! whence these distracting Ideas! *Gesimond*, for that was the Name of this lamenting Lover, was going on in this plaintive Strain, when he heard a young Shepherdess, who passing through a willow Plot was speaking to herself with Emotion; surprized at the sweetness of her Voice, he rises and calls to her, the timid Shepherdess no less startled at hearing a human Voice, and frightened at *Gesimond's* Appearance, betakes herself to a precipitate Flight, continuing till Faintness obliged her to stop; he comes up to her, finds her out of Breath, and concerned he should have caused her any Uneasiness, takes her in his Arms, and carries her to his Cavern, where after giving her Water in the Shell of a Tortoise, he sets before her Honey and wild Fruits; I pray, said he, give over your Fears, if, my Appearance has something savage in it, I have a Heart as tender as any of your Sex; and were I really a Savage, your Youth, your Beauty, your Disorder would secure you from my Cruelty; in this my melancholy Mansion you are as safe as among your sportive Companions;

panions; though it would make a Heaven of my Solitude, I cannot go so far as to propose to you to stay with me; yet, if you feel in yourself no aversion against soothing my Sorrow with your Company, I would omit nothing to shew my Gratitude, and to render your Life as agreeable as this Place will allow. Revived by the gentle Language and Behaviour of *Gesmond*, *Ismenia* told him, that she had fled from her Father's House, to avoid marrying a Shepherd, who was, to her, worse than indifferent; I freely consent, said she, to spend my Days with you, your Appearance indeed frightened me, but from your Courtesy and Mildness I will promise myself a happy Life with you; she concluded, with asking him, why he who seemed to have something above the common in his Looks, should live thus inconveniently and apart from all Mankind; this Request drew Tears from *Gesmond*, yet in compliance with it he began his Narrative in these Words.

I am the natural Son of *Polycarpus* King of *Albania*; this Prince became passionately enamoured with a beautiful *Armenian*, called *Clorinda*, she alone engrossed

grossed his Affections for several Years, and the Monarch thought himself happy in the Enjoyment of a Person of such exquisite Beauty, and who made no ill use of her ascendant over him; but it fell out, that Reasons of State obliged him to share his Bed and Crown with Princess *Rosimond*. Not long after the Queen was delivered of a Son, and a little before I had received my Birth from *Clorinda*, all the King's Good-will centered in *Flaminius* my Brother, the lawful Heir indeed of the Empire; me he looked on with disdain, and I had not much to boast of my Mother's Kindness to me, yet the Queen, from whom naturally I could have no Expectations, treated me with uncommon Goodness. My Brother and I were now growing up, and I observed shewed me more Signs of Affection than to my Brother *Flaminius*, as he indeed possessed none of the Qualities expected in a Prince.

Sabuo a Relation and zealous Friend of the King's, had a Daughter named *Policene*, with whom we were brought up; of her Beauty, I shall only say that she was the

Ornament of my Father's Court, the Inclination which I had conceived for her in my earliest Childhood was now daily augmenting, but as I wanted the Lustre of the Throne, with which we are all apt to be dazzled, I was full of Fear that she would incline to *Flaminius*, who loved her as well as myself; but I was soon delivered from these Fears, *Policene* was all Tenderness to me, and treated my Brother with open Aversion; nothing was wanting to compleat my Bliss as a Lover, at Night I was privately conveyed into my Mistress's Apartment, where in her Arms, I forgot all the uneasiness which my Father's unnatural Aversion gave me; in the mean time *Flaminius* notified to *Sabuo*, that he intended to marry his Daughter, on which the ambitious old Man, charged her to shun me; now our Union became of more absolute Necessity, for *Policene* carried within her the Fruit of our private Intercourse; all her Precautions could scarce conceal her Condition, and none of her Women were to be trusted, *Flaminius* having purchased their Subserviency, that the least Indiscretion would

would have cost a Life which to me was dearer than all the World. We were now a prey to continual Fears, when one Night *Policene's* Pains came on her with such Violence, that she plainly understood the difficult Moment was at Hand; she went out of the Palace by a Garden Door, with an intent of seeking shelter with a Friend of mine to whom I had communicated our Perplexity, she had scarce reached half way, when the extremity of her Case obliged her to withdraw under the Portico of a Temple, where she brought forth a Daughter, and, at the Infant's Cries, two Men, who were walking there about, coming up, *Policene* in a disguised Voice requested of them, to deliver the Infant to *Gesmond*, she herself with much difficulty returned to the Palace, and kept her Apartment as indisposed; who should one of those be to whom my dear *Policene*, had committed the Child, but *Flaminius*, who also not knowing her in the Dark, was much embarrassed, to trace out this Mystery, when coming to Court, he heard *Policene* was very ill; this sudden Indisposition

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and Resemblance which he imagined to see between the Child and *Policene* made him conclude that I was the Father; inflamed with Jealousy, that conflagration of the Soul, he gave the innocent Creature several Stabs, then ordered it to be brought to me; how I was afflicted at this horrid Spectacle it is needless to say; however, I then forbore giving vent to my Rage, till *Flaminius* himself was not ashamed to come to me, telling me, that what had passed, was but a faint Specimen of his Resentment, and that he would induce the King, to revenge the offended Love of the Heir to the *Albanian* Throne by the Execution of *Policene*. Here, I must have been stupid to have repressed my Indignation; Barbarian, cried I, is it possible that the same Blood runs in our Veins, the most hardened Assassin would have been shocked at the Crime with which your Hands are still imbrued. It is only because you know, thou Wretch, that at all Events, I will free the Earth from such a Monster as thou; *Flaminius*, little used to such Language, threw out some Reproaches

proaches on my Birth, this mean Tendency increased my Rage, I called to him to stand on his Guard, and after a short Combat, he fell, and I left him weltering in his Blood; this Event soon reaching the King, he promised a large Reward to him who should bring my Head; but I had taken advantage of the general Confusion to escape, and after travelling almost continually for four Days and four Nights, I came within Sight of this Cave, here I passed the Night, but many melancholy Dreams interrupted the Repose, which my Weariness required; I fancied I saw *Policene* dragged along by her beautiful Tresses, and calling out for *Gesmond* to rescue her from the brutal Soldiers; at that dear Voice, up I started, to fly to her Assistance; the impressive Illusion vanished, but near me I saw a huge Lion, here thought I is the Period of this unhappy Life; but that fierce Animal less cruel than the Authors of my Birth, shewed a Sense of my Distresses, fawning on me, and making all the Signs of Fondness and good Will; he has never since left me, and you must think is of

great use, both for Diversion and Necessity; and now, believe me, lovely Maid, I prefer this bare rugged Cavern to the glittering Apartments of Palaces.

These Woods abound in delicious Fruits, the Bees which haunt them plentifully supply me with Honey, and yonder Rock sends forth a crystalline Water; if you speak your real Sentiments and are content to live with me, my most tender Cares shall be employed for your Comfort, I will range the Woods to gather every fragrant Herb to make a Bed for you; I will secure you from the rigour of Winter within this close Cavern, and the expanded Branches of those stately Trees offer their delightful Umbrage against the Summer Heats; in the Mornings I will instruct thee in the Goodness, Wisdom and Power of the Gods, which are displayed even in the most lowly Flower, and the Evening shall see us near yonder Spring, surrounded with Beech and Poplar Trees, serenely moralising on the Incidents of Life; here *Gesmond* ended, and *Ismenia* promised not to forsake him.

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The tenderness of such reciprocal Friendship, which on *Ismenia's* side was tempered with Reverence, shed a happy Influence on their Days; they passed serene, and not without some intervals of Chearfulness. *Ismenia* comforted the Prince, and performed all the domestick Services; and *Gesimond*, that she might not suffer by her Sympathy, endeavoured to conceal all his Grief from her; one Day with-drawing to give himself up to melancholy Musings, the Shepherdess went down the Hill to pluck some Willow Branches; here she came near a Horse richly caparisoned, and the Rider sleeping on the Ground with his Head uncovered; the Beauty of the young Hunter excited in her Soul Emotions to which till then she had been a Stranger. New to such Flutterings in her innocent Heart, she was going back, but an invincible Charm withholds her, she thinks this Stranger, may in the Night time be tore to pieces by wild Beasts; ought not she to awake him, and tell him of the Danger? *Tancred*, which was the Hunter's Name, hearing a Rustling, hastily rises, and taking *Ismenia* for a

Wood-Nymph, with great respect asks her if he may have the Happiness of shewing his Devotedness to her; *Ismenia* trained up in rural Frankness, answered, It was merely Chance brought me to the Place where you was sleeping; I live on that Hill with my Father, who is a Person of no mean Birth, and I could wish that you would come and live along with us. *Tancred*, charmed with her Candour, embraced her Knees with most tender Effusions of Love; the Shepherdess listened to him with a Pleasure unfelt before, after indulging themselves in a long Discourse, he desired that he might see her in the same Place the next Day; the Sun being set, *Ismenia* fearing that *Gesmond* would be uneasy at her stay, hastened back to the Cavern; but *Tancred*'s dear Image followed her, and now Melancholy possessed her Mind till she returned to the Willows, in expectation of her dear Unknown; as she sat on the Herbage she happened to lay her Hand on a rich Pocket Book, in which was a female Portrait with the following Letter;

To

TO TANCRED Prince of *Armenia*.

SIR,

‘ I Am coming to *Albania* unknown,
 ‘ and have seen the Princess, this Por-
 ‘ trait that I send you, is very far from
 ‘ flattering her Beauty; it is inimitable.
 ‘ Instruct me what Measures I must take
 ‘ to treat of your Marriage with her, and
 ‘ by this Alliance put an end to the Wars,
 ‘ which for so long time have desolated
 ‘ the two Kingdoms.’

Her Fears hindered her from going
 any further, and with her Head on her
 Arms gave herself up to a silent Grief;
Tancred comes up, and finds his Charmer
 in an agony of Despair; cruel Man, cried
 she, at sight of him, why disturb the
 Quiet of my Life, when the end of your
 Love to me could be only Shame and
 Misery; you must certainly have looked
 on me as an Object of Contempt, but
 the Gods, that know the Sincerity of my
 Heart, my Veneration of them, and my
 disposition to Virtue, have saved me

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from

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from being your Victim; I will hasten back to my worthy Father, with him I will stay and never more trust myself to a perfidious Seducer. At this she flew up into the Mountain, and left the unhappy Prince of *Armenia* absorbed in Amaze-ment and Grief, not knowing to what such an unhappy Change of his fair one's Temper could be attributed. *Tancred*, though he regularly came to the Mountain, was always disappointed of seeing *Ismenia*, until one Day advancing further up the Way which he had observed her to take, he perceived her sitting under a solitary Elm Tree, which commanded a fine Prospect. Transported with Joy, he runs to throw himself at her Feet; but she exerted all her Strength to shun him, and *Tancred's* Intreaties not prevailing on her to stop, he begged of her to take up a Letter, which he laid on the Trunk of a Tree, and withdrew for that time, that he might not increase her Disorder; when the Shepherdess saw herself secure, she went and took the Billet; it was truly in the Stile of an ardent Lover, complaining of undeserved Disdain; and it had the desired Effect.

Effect. She was moved, she blamed her hasty Rudeness to such a Person as *Tancred*, promising to compensate it by her future Gentleness. *Ismenia* was now near the Cavern, when she saw *Gesmond*, who had been seeking her, fearful of some Accident, he tenderly warning her against going so far from their Abode; he had scarce ended his affectionate Exhortation, when they were alarmed with a Noise like that of a large Weight falling from a Height. *Gesmond* imagining it to be some wild Beast bends his Bow, and looks on all sides, till at last between the Rocks he perceived a decked Boat thrown on the Shore; he and *Ismenia* hastened down to it, and he leaping in, his Eyes were struck with an horrid Object, a dead Corps all in Rags, and in it a young Person near expiring with Terror. The Prince, without asking Questions, threw the Carcass into the Sea, and went to assist the young Woman. Just Gods! quoth he, *Policene*! my dear *Ismenia* it is *Policene*, I hold her in my Arms, O quickly let us recover her; they both assist in carrying her softly to the Cavern, where amidst all the Cares of

Gesmond

Gesmond and *Ismenia*, she remained several Days in a State of Insensibility; when she at length came to open her Eyes she looked round her with Astonishment and Dread; and with a tremulous Voice, asked what Place she was in? and what further Punishment she was reserved for, talk not of Punishment, answered *Gesmond*, Comfort, Freedom and Tenderness wait for you here, and our dearest Wish is, to see you well recovered. Struck with the Prince's Voice, *Policene* fixedly looks at him, and in him knew her former Lover; who, overjoyed at this dawn of her Recovery, threw himself into her Arms; dear *Gesmond*! dear *Policene*! cried they at once, for Tears and Raptures hindered them from saying more; thus they continued locked within each other's Arms; the beautiful *Albanian*, to whom Joy had imparted sudden Strength, expressed it in fervent Kisses; do I meet thee again said she, thou best of Lovers? Heaven has preserved my Life as a Recompence to thy Tenderness; many Tears hast thou cost me, how often have I not wished for Death; for alas! what hopes could I have

have of ever seeing thee again? Unnatural Father! inhuman King! now I no longer dread thy Fury; *Gesimond* is in my Arms, and it is to thy Cruelty I owe the Joy of our present Embraces.

Thus these two Lovers indulged themselves in a Profusion of the most tender Caresses; but the Prince, impatient to know how this happy Meeting had been brought about, desired her to relate all the Circumstances of her Life since his Departure; she acquainted him that the King had caused her to be shut up in a Tower, with very severe Treatment; that *Flaminius* had recovered of his Wounds, that she had prevailed with a Slave to carry a Letter to *Gesimond*, that this Letter gave him Advice of the People's Affection to him, and that with any small Assistance from some neighbouring Prince, he might very easily place himself on the Throne of *Albania*; that the Slave, being detected, had been cut to pieces and she shut up with the dead Body in the Boat where he had found her.

Ismenia, though not insensible to the Felicity of this deserving Pair, could not
 hear-

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cheerfully join in their Exstasy; *Tancred* suffering by her hasty Suspicions filled her Mind; she left the transported Lovers and went down the Hill, where she soon perceived *Tancred* in search of her; *Ismenia* acquainted him with the Cause of her Resentment, but the Prince easily cleared it up to her Satisfaction, and promised her Marriage, if *Gesmond*, whom she had called her Father, was not in reality her Lover. *Ismenia* returning to the Cavern, now could cordially suit her Behaviour to the happy Situation of her Protector; and *Tancred* writ to the King of *Albania*, that for Reasons of State he was obliged to decline the Honour of being married to his Daughter. *Polycarpus* enraged at being thus duped, raised a powerful Army, the Prince of *Armenia* also headed his, and thought it adviseable to have a Conference with *Gesmond*, to whose Birth and Adventures he was no Stranger; *Ismenia*, as Mediatrix of this Alliance, conducted her Lover to the Cavern. The two Princes conceived a strong Esteem for each other, and *Gesmond* quitted his Solitude to accompany *Tancred* in the approach-

approaching Campaign, whilst *Policene* and *Ismenia*, were entertained by that Prince's Sisters.

In the mean time the *Albanians* had already taken the Field and pitched their Camp; *Gesimond* one Night having advanced near them to reconnoitre, overheard some Persons whispering together, and conveying himself nearer among the Trees, he distinguished *Flaminius*, in the midst of a Circle of Officers, with whom he was forming a Plot to assassinate *Polycarpus*, and seize on the Throne. This Villainy was the more easy to be perpetrated, as the King of *Albania* was to join them, in order to surprize the *Armenians* by Night; *Gesimond* alarmed at his Father's Danger, immediately set off to meet him, and acquaint him of *Flaminius's* atrocious Purpose; *Polycarpus*, not knowing his Son, took him to be some insidious Assassin, who was for leading him into a Snare. At this the young Prince threw himself at his Knees, saying, Sir, I am *Gesimond*, and though unfortunately I was not blessed with your royal Affection, I thank Heaven for putting in my Hands an opportunity of saving your Life. No time is
to

to be lost, only follow me, and you shall see that I am not unworthy of your Favour; the steadiness with which he delivered this Information gained the King's Credit, and the Truth of it soon was manifested, a Body of Men suddenly rushed on him, but *Gesimond* dealing about his Strokes with manly Activity, *Flaminius* fell the first; and his Accomplices, as guilty Actions are seldom carried on with much Spirit and Firmness, betook themselves to Flight. The King of *Albania* deeply affected by such Generosity and Courage, reproached himself for his unnatural Treatment of such a Son, and assured him that the next Day he would reward so signal a Service at the Head of his Army.

The sun had long since in the Lap
Of *Thetis* taken out his Nap,
And, like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
From black to red begun to turn.

At that time it was when *Polycarpus* put on his royal Robes, and ordered his whole Army to be drawn up, then coming into the Field attended by the principal Officers of his Troops, he ordered a Herald to proclaim, Acknowledge *Gesimond* for your King, he is such by right; the
King

King from his passionate Love for *Clorinda*, substituted *Flaminius* her Child 'as the Son of the Queen, instead of *Gesimond* her real Son, in him unite Right and high Deserr, Hail him *Albanians*! Rejoice in such a Sovereign. The young Prince received the Homage of his new Subjects, whilst the Air rung with the Acclamations of the exulting Soldiery; after this Ceremony, *Polycarpus* moved that the Army, whilst flushed with this Joy, should march and engage *Tancred*; but *Gesimond* representing to him the Connections between himself and that Prince, and that *Policene* was in the *Armenian* Camp, the King, surprized at such a concurrence of agreeable Events, would hear all the Adventures of his beloved Son, and how *Sabuo's* beautiful Daughter had escaped a Death to all appearance inevitable. He, at the same time, ordered that a splendid Retinue should be sent to fetch her, with a Message of Peace to *Tancred*; the latter, secure in the probity of his Intentions, soon appeared before *Polycarpus*, attended only by his chief Courtiers, who environed *Policene* and *Ismenia*. They threw themselves at the King's Feet, and he tenderly raising

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raising his Daughter, vowed that she should find him an affectionate Father, sealing this gladning Promise with a Kiss; *Tancred* alone had no share in this Happiness; his Passion for *Ismenia* would bear with no longer Delays, and in a Supposition that she was *Gesimond's* Daughter, he formally asked her in Marriage of that Prince, whose Honour now laid him under the disagreeable Necessity of declaring, that *Ismenia* was only a country Girl, whom Chance had thrown in his way; on the other Hand, *Polycarpus* urged *Tancred*, agreeable to his former Promise, to marry the Princess of *Albania*; but this distressed Lover fluctuating between Inclination and Duty to the Dignity of his Crown, could not believe that the Object of his Love was born of obscure Parents; *Ismenia's* Beauty, her noble Mein, the Elevation of her Sentiments, every thing in her declared an illustrious Extraction; in this uncertainty he determined to go himself to the Village, which he had left, in order to get Intelligence of the Truth; he made the Journey with all the Celerity of an impatient Lover, and having found out the Cottage, where his Charmer's Father lived,

lived, the honest Man frankly told him, that she was no Daughter of his, but had been committed to his care by an *Albanian* called *Camillus*, with Orders to deliver her up to him only; but that she had been missing near a Twelve-month, and no Body knew what was become of her. This News was worth a Reward, which *Tancred* generously gave the old Man, and hastened back to the Camp much more chearfully than he had left it; *Gesimond* immediately asked him the Result of his Journey, and the Prince of *Armenia* related to him what he had learned from the Villager; all that remained now was to examine *Camillus*, whom the Functions of his Employment detained at the Capital of *Albania*, thither the two Courts soon repaired to celebrate *Policene's* Nuptials. The King, willing that all Parties should be happy, sent for *Camillus*, and questioned him concerning the Birth of this young Stranger; how was *Gesimond* amazed, when he found himself to be her Father, and that the lovely *Ismenia* was no other than that very Child, which *Policene* had put into *Flaminius's* Hands at the very Moment of its Birth; the sanguinary
 Prince

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Prince had been imposed upon, *Camillus* instead of murdering *Gesimond's* Daughter, having brought to his Master a dead Child, whom, by a commendable Fraud he had stabbed in several parts; this last Discovery compleated the Joy of the *Albanians*. On the very same Day were solemnized the Marriages of *Gesimond* and *Tancred*; and the two Nations, to whom this Alliance insured a long Peace, declared their Transports in a Succession of Festivals, Sports, and all kinds of Rejoicings: whilst the Soldiers of the two Armies having been Witnesses of each other's Atchievements in the *Persian* War, retained a mutual Esteem, and in their gratulatory Banquets sang to each other,

Our Armour now may rest, our idle Scimitars
Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not use:
Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums;
And all the noisy Trades of War no more
Shall wake the peaceful Morn.

The End of the First VOLUME.



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